THE FORUM

OCTOBER, 1925

Vol. LXXIV

No. 4

A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

WHAT IS CIVILIZATION?

VIII — The Answer of Modern America

WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

SINCE January various peoples and epochs have been answering THE FORUM'S *query, "What is Civilization?" In August and September, Herbert J. Spinden gave the answer of Ancient America, the America of pre-Columbian days. In the present article, the author of* The New Barbarians *gives the answer of Modern America, the America of to-day. What have we and our immediate ancestors contributed to the world stream of culture? What, if any, are the peculiar attributes of American civilization?*

WHAT has America contributed to civilization? The first and most obvious answer to that question has been given by her enemies, within and without her borders. Nothing! What civilization she has is not original but borrowed. Such additions as her people have made are mere imitations or adaptations of European originals. She is, in fact, but a crude copy of Europe; and there is, strictly speaking, nothing which can properly be called "American" at all.

To that point of view there may, in turn, be given another answer, from one who cannot be considered a prejudiced witness in her favor. "About 1500," observes Max Nordau, "America

was a wilderness swept by bands of barbaric warriors in a rudimentary stage of civilization. By 1900 civilization there had reached the highest point known. To the objection that civilization as it exists in America to-day is not of native growth but an importation from Europe, one can reply that the wandering of peoples from country to country and continent to continent constitutes an essential stage in history to which many important events in the development of states and institutions . . . must be referred." And more recently from a wholly different source it has been observed that "culture can be transplanted only at the cost of a change in type, and the acquired characteristics of a given society tend to exceed in number, variety, and influence, the characteristics that are inherited." In the same sense, then, in which European civilization itself is a product of many forces, — migration, adaptation, imitation; in the same sense that there is not to be found there any "race" of "pure" blood, any unmixed language, institutions, art, literature, or any other appurtenances of civilization, so America may fairly claim to have produced a civilization as clearly entitled to consideration as that of any European people.

What, then, are its contributions to civilization? What claim has it to be reckoned among those peoples and areas which have produced the great figures and the great works that have gone to make up the heritage of the race? Again one may hear from certain voices the same answer — nothing! America has produced no Shakespeare, no Goethe, no Molière, no Sophocles, nor Aristophanes, no Homer nor Dante nor Milton. Thus far in the generous competition with the centuries she has failed, — as all modern civilization has failed since the United States came into being, unless one may reckon the last of the giants, Goethe, as belonging to that period.

Moreover she has not brought forth a Phidias, a Michelangelo, or a Rembrandt; a Beethoven, a Mozart, or a Wagner. No Plato or Aristotle has risen from among her numbers, not even a Descartes, a Leibnitz, or a Kant. She has not had an Alexander or a Napoleon, any more than she has had a St Bernard or a Jeremiah, to adorn her history. She has neither Buddha, nor Confucius, nor Christ. All that is true. Let us admit at once that in comparison with all peoples at all times she has few

figures to set in the universal hall of fame. Two thousand years before white men set foot on North America, Greece had established herself once and for all as the chief contributor to that little group of supremely gifted representatives of the human race, and from that great preëminence she seems thus far unlikely to be displaced. Let us admit further that in those gifts and qualities and inventions whose roots run deep into the immemorial past she lacks a claim to be considered in competition with either the primitive or the prehistoric contributors to civilization. She did not invent writing, nor even printing. She is not the home of infinite meditation on the infinite. Her history, save at second-hand, does not run back to the cave-dweller, nor the primitive village, nor even the struggle between the long-heads and the round-heads. No more than the history of Europe does it connect with that of the pyramid builders or Mycenae or Babylonia or prehistoric India. In more than one sense her people are inheritors, not founders, as all modern peoples are, and must be, since civilization is not the creature of any place or people or time but the common heritage of the race. Nor is this a discussion of relative merits and contributions. Let us take lower and less controversial ground. It would be too much to expect that America in the brief period of her existence should endure comparison with the ages, or accomplish what scarce all those ages have achieved in certain fields in rivalry with Greece. Laying aside comparisons with their triumphs, — which America, in common with the rest of the world, has inherited, — what has she contributed to the general stock of human achievement?

First to reckon those matters of the intellect and the spirit which are regarded as the chief test of culture, if not of civilization, she has produced a literature which, if it has not attained the heights of all time, has been neither insignificant in quantity nor contemptible in quality. Her poets have been, and are, the poets of the people, and in regions far removed from her own shores they have been, and are being, read by millions to whom, unfortunately, Homer and Goethe are mere names, if even that. Her fiction, especially in the realm of the short story, in which field at least she need not fear comparison with any other land, is scarcely less well known. Her scholarship and her science are at this moment not incomparable with those of any other land. In art she

has produced at least a Sargent and a Whistler; in philosophy the names of Emerson and James are not unknown; and in music, whatever may be thought of it, she has become the sponsor and the exponent of "jazz"; in history, not to lengthen the list, Parkman and his fellows need not shrink from comparison with their colleagues in other lands; even in the art of war the names of Grant and Lee must be reckoned with.

In the field of modern arts, one, at least, sets her apart from the rest of the world. It is architecture. Its most characteristic product is undoubtedly that known picturesquely as the "skyscraper". Americans were not, indeed, the first to apply engineering to architecture; but they have been the first to use iron and steel as the basic material of great buildings. There was a time when these enormous structures were regarded as mere mechanical excrescences, hideous monsters of material necessity, debased forms of a great art, passing whims of too ambitious builders. There was a time when they were reckoned mere curiosities, or at best unlovely conveniences. That time has passed. There are few men who can view the skyline of New York or the lake front of Chicago without a thrill of admiration for the magnificent creations of the intelligence and the imagination of those who conceived and executed these gigantic works. They are in their way to be compared with Greek temples and Roman amphitheatres and Gothic cathedrals, as the great and peculiar triumph of a civilization applying to its material concerns the resources of a great art in new and magnificent form. And they are not borrowed. They are, as much as the pyramids or the cathedrals, indigenous to the soil from whence they spring, as peculiarly American as the Taj Mahal is Indian.

Intimately connected with such achievements as those of the skyscrapers is that contribution to the powers and resources of mankind in the forms of invention. It has been observed that more than nine-tenths of the devices to enlarge men's powers and facilitate his labors have been the product of Great Britain and the United States, which in peculiar and inordinate degree have been granted that inventive genius so largely borrowed and copied by the rest of the world. "The typewriter," remarked a distinguished European on one occasion, "seems to me a kind of symbol of the United States. It applies the machine to one of the

oldest of civilized processes, and adds speed, efficiency, and exactness to one of the most useful and elementary processes of life." One need not here run through that extraordinary list of American inventions to prove the point. The sewing-machine, the reaper, the telephone, the electric light, from cheap watches to caterpillar tractors, on every hand we see the peculiarly American characteristic of wresting from his inner consciousness some quicker, easier, better way of doing things. Nor can one omit the further characteristic of wide distribution of these conveniences. He need only compare their common, almost universal, use with that of other countries to perceive that this democratizing of such facilities is a peculiar contribution to society.

To this one cannot fail to add that other characteristic which has so greatly, if more recently, begun to attract the attention of the world and is so intimately connected with both democracy and invention. It is embodied in the word system, or, better, organization. It is evident in every department of life from politics to library catalogues and filing systems, from women's clubs to large scale or mass production in industry. For good or ill this effort to facilitate production, whether of ideas or of automobiles, is characteristic of a people who, faced by great problems of development, has above all other nations of the earth pushed time and labor saving devices to the highest point yet known among men, and extended the comforts and conveniences of civilization to a wider area than any other people, making luxuries the necessities of democracy.

There is another contribution, not dissimilar in its spirit and its methods, which involves more than one characteristic which we are proud to call American. It is the Panama Canal. That great work is not only a triumph of engineering and one of the most eminent contributions yet made to the development of the commerce of the world; it is not only a shining example of that conquest of nature on which the whole history of the United States is a commentary; it has its heroic side. For its successful completion was not due solely to the genius and the vision of those who conceived and carried out its mechanical details; it depended ultimately no less, perhaps even more, on the intelligence, the courage, even the martyrdom of the brave men who found and conquered the secret of those tropical diseases which had otherwise

made all engineering skill vain and this tremendous achievement therefore impossible.

It is, indeed, in the field of medicine that America has made some of her greatest contributions to civilization. No one who has listened to the tributes of Europeans to the American surgeons, nurses, hospitals, in the late war but must thrill with pride at the thought that in the great cause of relieving human suffering his country has accomplished such triumphs. From dentistry, in which America is acknowledged supreme, to antiseptic processes; from that American discovery, anaesthesia, to manual skill in surgery; from dressings and remedies to diagnosis, America may well claim an achievement which is as great as it is beneficent in this great field. And in the kindred realms of sanitation, public health, epidemics, she is to be reckoned as one of the chief champions of that fundamental element of civilization, a clean and healthy society. In any discussion of her contribution to civilization these must take high place.

Such spirit and such achievement is intimately connected with two other characteristic contributions to civilization. The one is what her people identify as cleanliness, intellectual and moral as well as physical. It has been her endeavor to lessen social evils by every means in her power. One does not see in the United States those filthy advertisements relating to sex diseases which disgrace public places in continental European capitals. Whatever one may think of prohibition, one does not find the drink bill exceeding that of education within her borders. Whatever the effort to discredit and undermine its influences, one finds in few countries the respect paid to women, which is at once the astonishment and the source. And it may be noted, in passing, that co-education is an American product of ridicule to too many Europeans. Whatever one may think of censorship, — however certain interests seek to defy or evade it, especially in the field of moving pictures, — the United States until recently has been relatively free from pornography, — and it may be freed again. And whatever may be said of the "Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy" by its opponents, European or Oriental or semi-Oriental, if restraint and cleanliness are reckoned elements of civilization, — and all civilizations must reckon with them, — America has done her bit in that direction.

The other great contribution is that of charity. The United

States has of late been much criticized by certain European nations as the Shylock of the world because she has insisted that her creditors take some account of the obligations into which they entered. With all due deference to those creditors it is not improbable that under similar circumstances, each of them, so situated, would probably have done much the same thing as that for which they blame her. Yet even here on the side of merely business relationships, it is not to be forgotten that it is to her citizens that Europe has turned in no small measure for a plan of European settlement and for the actual administration of her affairs which her own statesmen and financiers have found too heavy a burden. She is not alone in putting the talents of her people at the disposition of those in need of help, in Cuba no less than in Hungary, but that disposition may at least be reckoned some contribution to the common heritage.

Consider the reverse of this shield of business for whose pursuit America has been so severely censured. Where in all history has there ever been seen such an outpouring of charity as this nation has exhibited in the past decade? Where is there a people in distress, — from the war victims of Belgium to the victims of misgovernment in Russia, Armenian refugees, Japanese earthquake sufferers, German children, French orphans, Italian, Greek, — what people, what cause has asked in vain? European or Asiatic, who has not found a sympathetic contributor in America? It may not have availed much to soften the hearts of rulers nor lessen the criticism of financiers; it may not have prevented some of those indebted to it for striving to bite the hand that feeds them. But who can doubt that the activities of organizations like the American Red Cross, the generosity of individuals, the helpful spirit of the government, is a phenomenon not only unparalleled in the history of mankind, but a contribution to that spirit of good-will on earth, if not of peace to men, which, if anything is, ought to be a part of civilization? It is practical Christianity; and if any people at any time has ever tried to put into practise that pure religion and undefiled which is to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, it is certainly the United States of America.

It is but part of her contribution to peace. No one who is at all conversant with the movements in that direction but is familiar with the fact that for many years the United States has been a

leader in the efforts to keep the peace of the world. From the days of the Monroe doctrine to those of the World Court that spirit has been in evidence. Every Secretary of State for more than a generation has endeavored to distinguish his tenure of office by some move in the direction of establishing the principle of arbitration. From the first Hague Conference to the last conference on disarmament, the United States has been conspicuous in this field of endeavor; and, whatever one may think of the League of Nations, whatever its character and its fate, it may be observed that it was the dream of an American, and that it represented the great principle which has long characterized American diplomacy. Many of these movements have been ineffective; not a few of them have been and are absurd; some have been and are worse than absurd; yet, good or bad, they represent an honest aspiration to substitute a reign of law for a rule of force in international affairs.

This, it is said by her critics, is easy for her people by virtue of their geographical situation. It is not hard to be good when there is no temptation to be otherwise; it is easy to give good advice when one's own interests are not involved; it is easy to preach disarmament when one's own safety is not at stake; it is simple enough to declare one's anti-imperialism when one's territory is already large enough, — and even there, some charges may be brought against the United States. Yet it may be observed that, whatever jealousies have been cultivated in certain quarters of her good faith, had she been as imperialistic as her critics urge, it would not have been difficult at many times in past years to have found ground of quarrel with, let us say, Mexico, nor to have conquered that disturbed country. It would not have been difficult to keep Cuba, nor to have benevolently assimilated far more than her present possessions on the Caribbean. Whatever charges may be brought, it is impossible to deny that her course has on the whole been far from imperialistic, that she has done her part in the cause of world peace, by example as well as precept, and no disinterested man but must admit that she is recognized as a power loving peace and seeking to ensure it.

Finally there is that most fundamental of all aspects of organized society — government — without which few if any contributions to civilization are possible. To that field not even the most hostile critic of America can deny her great service. Beginning with

the colonial period of her history that peculiar system of self-government was embodied in the Constitution of the United States. It contained two elements hitherto all but unknown to previous political practise. The one is that most commonly called democracy, difficult of definition and still more difficult of application, by no means complete at the time of the establishment of independence, yet clearly recognizable in its general spirit and outlines, and of great influence on the development of European politics. For the first time in history it was extended, by means of the representative system, over wide areas, and great numbers of peoples. For the first time in history a democracy has come to rule three million square miles of territory and a hundred millions of citizens.

The other principle is that more tangible scheme by which was formed a federal government of states which retained their separate identity and powers. That this has been a real contribution to political practise is evidenced, among other things, by the fact that the constitution which embodied it has been copied in greater or less degree, — often almost, if not quite, *verbatim*, — by virtually every state which has arisen outside of Europe, beginning with the peoples of Central and South America and ending with those of Australia and South Africa. Nor, were one to pursue the subject further, could he afford to ignore the effect of the American Constitution upon even European political organization, from the French Constitution of 1791 to the German Constitution of 1919. In its frank separation of powers, in the foundation of its authority upon the people, in the various provisions for carrying out its principles, it has been one of the greatest contributions ever made to one of the greatest elements of civilization, sound and stable government, based on popular consent.

To some minds, indeed, no contribution to the peace, the happiness, the health, the comfort, the convenience, the safety, the cleanliness, the morality, the good government of men, avails when compared with the purely intellectual, the emotional, and the spiritual side of life. To some minds the spectacle of a great, comfortable, cheerful, contented multitude of men, living in peace with the world, prosperous, concerned with the business of living, when compared with the artistic triumphs of even a wholly rotten society is an irritation not to be patiently endured. For

those intellectual and emotional satisfactions they are prepared to sacrifice everything, to endure or condone bloody tyranny, unlimited immorality, war, rapine, treachery, and brutal oppression with equanimity. But Americans are not among such peoples. On a foundation of sound government, material prosperity, and moral principles in society they have begun to erect a new edifice of civilization which, if they continue as they have begun, may well be set beside that of any people at any time.

Let us add, finally, that contribution to civilization which is of such vast consequence and importance that critics of American civilization invariably overlook it. It is embodied in the words with which this paper opens. In 1500 the Americas were largely occupied by savage tribes; in 1900 they were the seat of one of the most advanced and powerful civilizations in the world. In the tremendous task of adding two continents to the European world, a task unexampled in all human history, in conquering, occupying, developing its resources to the use of mankind, what people has added more to what we call civilization?

Yet far more than that has been the contribution of America to that principle which we call liberty. The freer air of a new country, the pioneer spirit of an advancing and adventurous society, the personal no less than the political independence engendered by the individualistic elements which found and subdued these new lands, the challenge to old world formalisms and autocracies, the breach with outworn customs and traditions, the enormous impetus to the spirit of man which new problems and new environment and new achievements provided, — are these not contributions to civilization, and was not America the leader in these? Among the contributions of the New World is there not to be counted an extension of the Old beside which the conquests of Greece and Rome were relatively insignificant, and an extension of the spirit of man to be set beside the triumphs of the intellect? Are not the pioneers to be reckoned with the great company of civilizing agents? For have they not, after all, in Canning's true but hackneyed phrase, "called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old"?

$50,000 FOR PROFESSORS

FRANK BOHN

HIGHER education in America has failed utterly to produce the cultured leadership essential to a democracy. Education, like everything else in America, has become a victim of our worship of mere size. While teachers fight off starvation, and all but the mediocre are drawn irresistibly into commercial pursuits, over two billion dollars are poured into buildings and equipment. "The mountain has labored and brought forth a mouse," says Mr. Bohn in an article which is a challenge to every thoughtful American citizen.

A PROFESSOR of psychology recently left one of our eastern universities and accepted an advertising position in New York. Thereby his annual salary was increased from $5000 to $25,000. This man was at the very height of distinction as a scholar and teacher. Presently one of our very greatest universities offered him a full professorship at $8000 annually. He expressed himself as willing to sacrifice much as between education and business; but the margin of difference made the change unreasonable. So he still writes advertising for a popular breakfast food, — or maybe tooth-paste.

This example can be multiplied by hundreds. Our college and university faculties are being deserted by their first-class members at a rate which calls for a drastic reform of the salary schedules. A generous and well-meaning gentleman gives ten, twenty, or forty millions to found a new university or develop a small college into a large university. How much better it would be to devote all major gifts for a decade to the increase of salaries! The fault lies not only with the donors. Most of our university Presidents and boards of trustees are afflicted by our American craze for mere size. A few million dollars more means more buildings, more students, and more teachers, not better teaching by teachers who are paid sufficient salaries and allowed time for study and leisure.

The following list of recent donations to higher educational and research work was recently compiled by "The New York Times":

John D. Rockefeller	$575,000,000
Andrew Carnegie	350,000,000
Cleveland Foundation (miscellaneous)	150,000,000
Henry C. Frick	85,000,000
Milton S. Hershey	60,000,000
George Eastman	58,000,000

James B. Duke	$41,500,000
Mrs. Russell Sage	40,000,000
Henry Phipps	31,500,000
Benjamin Altman	30,000,000
John Stewart Kennedy	30,000,000
John W. Sterling	20,000,000
Edmund C. Converse	20,000,000
J. R. De Lamar	16,500,000
Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness	16,000,000
Augustus D. Juillard	15,000,000
Henry E. Huntington	15,000,000
George F. Baker	12,000,000
J. P. Morgan	10,000,000
Mrs. Elizabeth Milbank Anderson	10,000,000
Total	$1,585,500,000

Deducting the $150,000,000 of the Cleveland Foundation, the remaining $1,435,500,000 has been given by exactly nineteen persons during ten brief years. "The Times" calculates that all the gifts for higher education and scientific research during the decade amount to a total of $2,500,000,000. Verily the mountain hath labored and brought forth a mouse. We have several States which now tax their people from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000 a year each in support of the colossal "university" which tops the state educational system. A college education for boys and girls alike is now taken for granted in the homes of practically all our rich Americans and of nearly all who are comfortably situated. Our city colleges are flooded by the sons and daughters of the higher-paid workers.

Ten thousand dollars a year is not at all an extraordinary sum for a scion of wealth to spend for college expenses. Five thousand for a year's expenses is exceedingly common. But three thousand dollars still remains well above the average annual salary for the instructional force at college or university. The Federal Bureau of Education reports that the national average for the year 1921–2 was as follows: Professor $3392, Associate Professor $2800, Assistant Professor $2300, Instructor $1800. A very few full professors at three or four of our largest Eastern universities receive as high as $8000. Probably a couple of hundred in all receive over $6000; but $5000 is the utmost which a young instructor of extraordinary talents at thirty can look forward to receiving, with any degree of confidence, at the age of fifty. A majority never get

beyond the associate professorships; and the average salary for that position is $2800.

The boy who spends $10,000 a year returns from his summer in Europe to find his professors of Greek literature and philosophy, political science and astronomy, shame-facedly making their peace, after the summer starvation season, with the local landlords and shop-keepers. We have hundreds of thousands of citizens who each spend more for an automobile than the annual salary of the average teacher in college and university. And these professors are responsible for the higher education of the sons and daughters of the rich! I believe that the starvation of the teaching profession is a fundamental error in American life. We are wilfully destroying the very foundations of higher education.

The Universities and National Leadership

Amid the wreck of empires during the past ten years, one empire has stood the test of the times. That is the British Empire, which is moving on so serenely from the old age into the new. The British Empire is not dependent upon the leadership of one man or a score of men in a single cabinet. Changes of party cause it little enough concern. In any case it is ruled by Oxford and Cambridge. Britain is pillared stoutly upon the quality of both its secondary schools and its universities. Ramsay MacDonald is as much a product of British education as Lord Balfour.

We in America have spent much money for materials and neglected to search out the men. Our fashionable secondary schools have been developed largely into mere mechanisms for shunting their students through the university examinations. Our typical large "university" is a combination of vocational school and sporting club. As a result, the mind of our average successful American citizen is notoriously lacking in the elements of a sound culture.

No doubt the whole milieu of our contemporary life is perplexing and deceptive. It is not surprising that the masses have missed the mark in the matter of their use of leisure time. It is the state of affairs among those who are supposed to be educated which is so discouraging. Our inane movies, our popular "literature", our jazz at the freak dance and jazz mixed with static over the radio, — these and similar diversions have all too largely replaced intel-

lectual pursuits even in the universities themselves. Whither have they been blown, — the cultural seeds of yesteryear? Where among any considerable numbers of college students or college graduates do we find the enjoyment of wide reading, or the decencies and refinements of intellectual conversation, or the quiet thinking and aesthetic understanding in which all seeds of culture must spread their roots or quickly perish?

We in America can never have a sound national leadership, either in our public life or the advancement of learning and the arts, until that leadership centres in and radiates from our universities. We are making the great adventure of trying to get on without an aristocracy. Most thoughtful minds among us are now coming to realize to the full that it is indeed very questionable whether or not the thing can ever be done. There are facts enough that would seem to indicate that civilization in a pure democracy must, in the end, be submerged and drowned out by a noisy flood of ignorance and vulgar materialism. It is not enough for our masses to learn how to read their provincial newspapers. In a democracy the voting masses must be enabled to discover a leadership which is above the customary vulgarities and which naturally devotes itself to the public service and not to private gain. Only a real university can train such a leadership.

A generation ago William Rainey Harper told us that, "If education and government sustain relationship, one to the other, the highest in education must have to do with the highest in government. If national enlightenment contributes to a higher and better national life, the state's chief agent for its proper guidance must be a potent factor in its public life." Harper described the university as "an institution of government", "the guide of the people", "an ally of humanity in its struggle for advancement". He held that the university should be the prophet, the priest, and the philosopher of a democratic civilization; and went on to quote Jefferson to the effect that it was the task of a university:

"'To form the statesmen, legislators, and judges, on whom public prosperity and individual happiness are so much to depend.

"'To expound the principles and structures of government, the laws which regulate the intercourse of nations . . . and a sound spirit of legislation.

"'To harmonize and promote the interests of agriculture, manufacture, and commerce, and by well informed views of political economy, to give a free scope to the public industry.'" (The Cosmopolitan, vol. XXVI, p. 681.)

The chalice held up to the lips of the nation by men of Harper's mold now lies broken and forgotten. Our universities have failed to be, as he hoped they would be, the prophets, the priests, and the philosophers of democracy. We build them ever greater with sticks and stones. Courses in business administration, sometimes drawing a perverted "practical psychology" in their wake, — these take the place of the cultural disciplines. Courses in commercial advertising are substituted for that companionship with the great which is the source of all sound intellectual growth. Having decided to follow the money grubbing mob, why should the men of the universities express surprise that the mob refuses to be led?

The political thought of America is to-day unfitted to direct the world toward organization and peace. We can produce both the winners in the game of "big Business" and the engineering talent they need in the field of economic production. But a Marshall and a Jefferson, — these are wholly beyond our national creative power. The age has given us colossal social and political problems, both national and international. What glorious vistas of achievement these problems would have opened up to such minds as organized our American nation! It is not the problems themselves, it is our stupid stumbling over the approach to these problems which constitutes the supreme national and international tragedy of our age. When one with vision recently came to us, it was quite by accident. As of yore, "He came unto His own, but His own received Him not." Back of every leader there must be ten thousand other leaders who interpret him to his age. If our country had the ten thousand it might perhaps receive from the gods, from time to time, the one it most needs.

This nation simply cannot go on without leadership. And in a democracy there is no leadership except the leadership of learning. Ever again we come back to our starting point. The functioning centres of such a leadership in a democracy are naturally the universities.

The Endowment of Mind

It were simple enough to follow the asseveration that college professors are paid too little by the observation that, the facts now being admitted on every hand, they should be paid more. Let us hasten to find the money and draw the cheques in favor of the honorable gentlemen who have thus far been denied their just reward. But the realities of the situation cannot be met with such charming ease. Higher education among us is sick of a serious malady. The disease requires long and careful diagnosis and much consultation. We shall confine ourselves here to suggesting one possible way of approach.

Our colleges and universities suffer primarily from elephantiasis. One Western State University advertises that it ministers to over 40,000. Of these over 15,000 are full-time students. Under the circumstances obtaining we might expect from the head professor of philosophy the boast that he reads three volumes of metaphysics a week, and from the professor of diatetics that each student in his department eats regularly five pounds of baked potatoes with his dinner. For any university in America to assemble such a number of students, or half that number, is of a piece with Chicago boasting that it has recently become a greater city than Paris because it now contains a greater number of inhabitants. The foolish registry of such enormous numbers is largely due to our conventional advertising mania. Our universities have merely surrendered to the grossness which afflicts the whole material side of our national life. A large number of these thousands are usually taught by crowds of very young men who have been recently graduated and stay on at the university in order to continue their studies.

The first step does not lie necessarily in the direction of accumulating greater funds. It might better begin, in most cases, with the restriction of numbers. Quality should replace quantity. Our universities and colleges are smothered by a throng of incompetent students, who should never have been sent up from the preparatory schools.

The first of our greater universities that has the courage to cut its numbers down to a thousand students will put itself in the way of becoming an important cultural institution. The entrance re-

quirements should not only exclude the feeble-minded, the ignorant, and the indolent. They should be at least as carefully selective as the general demands made of the Rhodes scholars. To enter here one should not only pass a routine examination through which the most mediocre high school student can be coached upon payment of a few dollars for private tutoring. The applicant should have exhibited, through his years of preparatory work, the student's attitude of mind.

The undergraduate body should be confined to the two upper college classes. It is a pleasure to note that Johns Hopkins has recently adopted this plan. It will leave the Freshman and Sophomore years to the junior colleges. Again and again our American students return from their studies in Europe and report that their American college degree represents no more than a course in an English public school, French *lycée*, or German *gymnasium*. With the creation of a system of really efficient American secondary schools our first two years of college work may be eventually dropped.

The undergraduates might number three or four hundred, and the graduates perhaps as many or even more. The more careful selection of candidates for entrance would make much of the routine of present day college work totally unnecessary. For instance, reading, writing, and intelligible conversation in at least two modern languages, aside from English, should be taken for granted upon entrance. Teaching French grammar to a college student in New York is quite like teaching first lessons in English reading to a "college" student in the southern mountains. It is a misuse of college funds. At present the American college graduate, or university professor for that matter, who can order his dinner in any language but his mother-tongue is an exception. Children should begin their languages in the grade schools, not in our "universities".

The group of professional schools should be restricted to a hundred, or at most two hundred, students each. These would include law, medicine, education, public administration, and the *beaux arts*. Our engineering high schools and colleges must prepare vast numbers of our young men for jobs in the industries. These deserve special foundations apart from the universities. Our student body would thus total from 1200 to 1500. Teachers

and students alike would come to look upon our present system of inter-collegiate "sports" as a piece with professional baseball and the traveling circus. Social organizations should centre primarily about intellectual and artistic interests.

A faculty of from two hundred to three hundred members would be required. With increase of wealth such a university would increase the teaching and research group rather than the numbers of the undergraduate body. The members of the faculty should be selected on a basis which appraises the quiet manners and leisurely culture of the gentleman as on an equality with scholarship and teaching. Of course that conventional monstrosity, the regular class-room lecture, would be largely abolished. Having overcome the vulgar desire to double the number of students every decade, such a university would not have constantly to double either its physical equipment or the number of its instructors for crowded undergraduate courses.

The Salary List

With these things in mind we may consider the matter of salaries. The instructional force would be, as at present, developed by the selection of two classes of teachers. There would be the younger men, averaging perhaps thirty-five years of age upon appointment. Each of these would have received his doctorate after the completion of several years of graduate study. It may be supposed that he has had some experience in teaching, either as an assistant in his department or at some other institution. Having been graduated ten to twelve years previously, there need be no guess work as to his qualifications. It may be taken for granted that he is traveled, has developed a cosmopolitan attitude of mind, and has breadth of culture as well as depth of special learning. In all probability he is married or is about to marry. When the university we are here picturing to ourselves invites this young gentleman to join its instructional force, it should be prepared to offer him at least $20,000 a year. If retained at the end of five years there should be a substantial increase. It would be the particular task of these younger men to serve for a decade or more as members of the tutorial force for undergraduates, — that part of the teaching organization at Oxford or Cambridge which is the very foundation of undergraduate work. Here are

the stalwart intellectual lieutenants who are placed in charge of the groups which have just come up from the junior colleges.

This university would be constantly on the alert to invite into its organization older scholars and teachers who will have made their mark elsewhere. Some of these would be primarily scholars who would deliver only occasional courses of special lectures. Their original work they will share with their assistants and the members of their seminars. Another sort will be members of this university because they are veritably the anointed ones. They possess the divine gift of the teacher's art. To them scholarship is but as fuel which they heap upon the inner fires. Round this flame the members of the graduate school will gather as happy pilgrims at a friendly inn.

The salary of either sort of professor should equal that of the average corporation lawyer and the leading scientists in our industrial laboratories. At present the professors should receive from $30,000 to $50,000 annually. The tendency should be, unless the cost of living falls sharply, to pay the higher sum generally. In this matter of salaries, leading engineering schools, like the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, would no doubt soon seek to follow the example of the new type of university. If the whole field of American education offered five hundred positions with such salaries, the standing of the entire teaching profession would be quickly elevated in the public mind.

Some will no doubt be shocked at the size of the salary suggested. Why? This nation spends many hundreds of millions a year upon chewing-gum and candy. Our advertising bills run into billions. We have spent nearly a half-billion upon military and naval aviation since the War. We are not here arguing against the support of either military or naval aviation. But why seek out the profession of university teaching for impoverishment and degradation? What billions do we not spend for pleasure automobiles? Finally, the list of gifts to science and higher education reprinted above indicates that the money for education is now forthcoming. Our contention here is that it is not being used to the best advantage.

A group of such universities as we have described could keep in the service of education many of those who are now deserting. Besides, it could draw that part of the intellectual élite of the land

who naturally belong in the university environment. Elihu Root belonged there. Steinmetz belonged there. The results of his work should have been the free possession of the public. Men like John Hay and Admiral Mahan, when not engaged in the public service, should join a university department as a matter of course. Because Robert E. Lee was such an excellent commandant at West Point he was peculiarly fitted by his experience to be a college president after the Civil War. Marshal Foch was a professional teacher. Here we have the two greatest generals since Napoleon. But they would not have been teachers had they not first been soldiers.

To-day our distinguished minds do not seek out the university. They flee from it as from a desert isle. The best teachers we have are inquiring, by the hundreds, how they can escape the poverty and drudgery. Had Justice Harlan Stone not left teaching for private practise, he would have been appointed neither Attorney-General nor Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. First-class lawyers and surgeons, chemists and economists, literary critics and electrical experts, — no one now expects to find them in our universities.

The larger significance of a group of such universities as we have described is perfectly evident. They would take their rightful share of the best mentality of the nation out of the strife of competitive business and devote it, free and strong, to the various cultural disciplines. So we might perhaps come to elevate learning and art from being the mere servants of business enterprise to their natural place as the goal of human achievement.

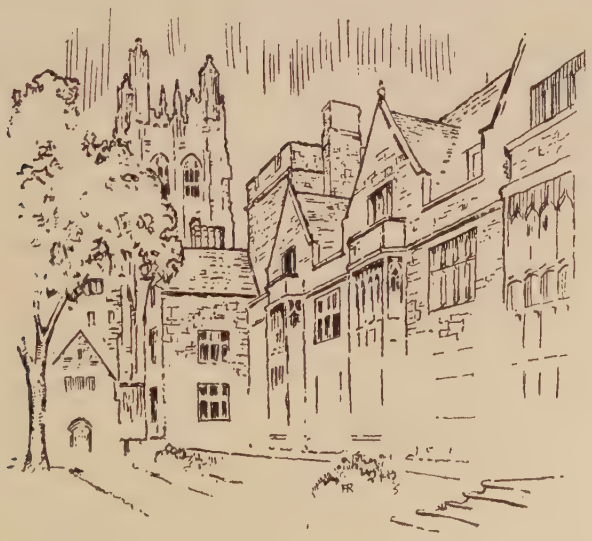
No one man could properly organize and command such a university. The very nature of the institution would preclude the domination of a single mind for a whole generation. Each craftsman engaged upon the task must envisage the whole. The history of learning and education, from the very beginning, makes it evident that no university with such ideals and such members could be governed as an absolute monarchy. Such a group must be permeated with every sense of freedom and of pride of economic stability and of artistic indulgence. These men must find their way, through experience, to the largest self-government. A fine fellowship in the discovery of truth is the only firm basis of the largest intellectual freedom. Such a faculty as we here presuppose

might perhaps from the very beginning rise above many of the more petty problems of customary democratic organization. Such a university should be in possession of so much wealth that it never need give much thought to money.

Perhaps four or five such institutions would ultimately be found to be sufficient for our national needs. Our typical "University" of to-day would gradually find its place in the new system. Perhaps no great harm comes from assembling these vast crowds of healthy, noisy young people. Let them enjoy themselves. But why miscall such a place of rendez-vous a university?

Probably it would be expecting too much to believe that one of our existing schools can save its soul and regenerate its body after the fashion we have described. But the establishment of the first university of the new type would at once make a profound impression upon all the others. Pay one hundred professors a minimum salary of $30,000 a year, and the entire profession would very soon demand justice of the public. Salaries and teaching standards would go up everywhere as the number of students admitted went down.

That group which has the vision, the means, and the will to create the first school of the new sort will be among America's most useful benefactors in this error-stricken generation.



THIS NORDIC NONSENSE

FRANZ BOAS

IN the September FORUM *Madison Grant in his essay, "America for the Americans", discussed those principles of immigration which have been embodied in the Immigration Act of 1924. In the present paper, the distinguished anthropologist of Columbia University takes issue with some of Mr. Grant's conclusions. He points out that there are persons of "Nordic" type in all parts of Europe, and that the only properly scientific basis for the selection of immigrants is by reference to the individual and his genealogy.*

WHEN the agitation for restriction of immigration set in, it was based entirely on economic considerations. The first laws were passed under the pressure of the labor element, as a means of protecting the wages of the American workman against cheap European competition.

In course of time the point of view has shifted considerably. The idea of the racial superiority of the "Nordic", or in other words of the Northwest European, combined with eugenic propaganda, has brought it about that we are possessed by the fear of being swamped by a people of inferior physical and mental endowment, and that immigration of southern and eastern Europeans will result in the degeneracy of our nation and the development of an inferior stock.

In consequence of this change in attitude, the recent laws regulating immigration discriminate, not in words, but in fact, against all people that are not considered as representatives of the "Nordic" type.

This development is merely a symptom of the world-wide "complex" of race consciousness that has grown up during the past century. Its beginnings may be recognized in the writings of Boulainvilliers, but it received its strongest impetus from de Gobineau whose book, *On the Inequality of Human Races*, was published in 1853. Stewart Houston Chamberlain in Austria, Vacher de Lapouge in France, Hans Gunther in Germany, Madison Grant in America, are a few names that indicate the growth in intensity of feeling and the increasing lack of scientific judgment that has accompanied this development.

It is not easy to understand the precise way by which the idea of racial superiority was grafted upon the older concept of nationality which has been dominant since the end of the eight-

eenth century, and which has received a new impetus from the World War. The growth of racial consciousness may be in part due to the more intimate interracial contact which has accompanied the extension of modern commerce and the exploitation of foreign continents. Through this process, differences in appearances were brought into our consciousness more strongly than heretofore when we were not so familiar with foreign types. It is noteworthy that in the earlier part of this period race consciousness was most pronounced among the British who had more extended and more intimate intercourse with foreign types than other people, and among Americans who were subject to the same experience owing to the presence of our large Negro population. However, against the validity of this view stands out the fact of the lesser degree of race consciousness among Romance people, as exemplified in South America, Mexico, and in the Philippines. For the north European a purely aesthetic element is undoubtedly important, based on the contrast of bodily traits, and the influence of the current ideals of beauty of the human body.

Probably more important is the development of a biological point of view among the masses of our people, and particularly the influence of modern theories of genetics. We are now familiar with the general principles according to which bodily form is inherited by each individual. This concept which is based entirely on individual heredity has been extended without justification to include racial heredity. Furthermore the assumption is made that heredity of bodily form implies necessarily heredity in the manner of functioning of the organism, both physiologically and mentally. Finally the concept of individual hereditary determination of the functions of the body was extended to the belief that a certain kind of organism was a hereditary characteristic of racial groups.

The fundamental problems involved in these generalizations have hardly been visualized and are certainly not understood by those writers who are not controlled by critical caution but who are carried away by the ardent wish to establish the superiority of the "Nordic".

If we wish to examine the justification of the recent immigration law which excludes certain groups of mankind because they are considered to be inferior, — and this is the purport of the

present law, — we ought to know first of all what characterizes various groups of men. We observe their bodily forms, their physiological functions, their individual mentality, and their social behavior. All of these enter into our judgment of racial groups.

Obviously, we have the right to speak of hereditary racial traits only when all the individuals of a race partake of the same characteristics. Comparing Swedes and Central Africans, we may say that blond or brunette wavy hair, light eyes, and light complexion are hereditary Swedish traits, and that black frizzly hair, dark eyes, and dark pigmentation are hereditary Negro traits. They are racial hereditary traits because all members of each race partake of these characteristics. When, on the other hand, a trait is so variable that it may occur in several racial groups, we can no longer speak of racial heredity. If among 1000 Swedes and 1000 north Italians we find a number of individuals who cannot with certainty be assigned to either group, then we can no longer speak of racially determined characteristics of these individuals, because they may belong to either group. These are the actual conditions found all over Europe. From the physical characteristics of a person alone it is impossible to say with certainty that he must belong to one or the other section of the European continent. It will always be possible to assign with a fair degree of accuracy a large group of individuals selected at random in any one locality to the place of their provenience, because we know the frequency of various forms which occur in each locality. But there is no common characteristic which belongs to all individuals inhabiting any one locality. So-called "Nordics" are found in varying frequency in all parts of Europe.

Diversity in each local group is so great that we may discover differences not only among individuals but also in family lines. We know from our everyday experience that certain traits may belong to one family line and may never occur in another. The family lines occurring in each European group are much more fundamentally different among themselves than the more variable and closely allied local types of Europe. Extreme family lines are so strongly differentiated that an individual may be assigned definitely to one or another line. Local races in Europe cannot be so differentiated. Any people of "Nordic" race includes family lines which have physical characteristics quite different from our ordi-

nary concept of a "Nordic", and it would be rash to claim that these families do not belong by descent to the Nordics. They are, rather, striking variants of the ancestral stock. It is customary to claim for all such aberrant types foreign descent, but it would be quite impossible to prove that all variations in bodily form *must* be accounted for in this way. From all we know about the variability of lines in a single species or variety it would be preposterous to claim that all descendants of "Nordics" are of uniform type.

However, we are interested in the physiological and mental functions more than in bodily form, and we must examine critically the important assumption that function is primarily dependent upon the form of the organism.

We must never forget that our bodily organs are all subject to what might be called a wide margin of safety, which makes it possible for them to adapt themselves to widely varying conditions. The same individual, provided he is healthy, can adjust himself to very diverse modes of life, to differences in climate and altitude, to sedentary life or hard labor, to meat or vegetable diet. The various organs will adapt themselves to the demands made upon them. Heart, lungs, and intestines will function satisfactorily under widely different conditions. Thus it happens that in any healthy population individuals of very different form will show a great similarity of bodily function, and, on the other hand, individuals of the same bodily form living in different environment may react quite differently. All this shows that within wide limits different races may adapt themselves to the same conditions and also that the same race may adapt itself to quite different conditions. The result of the process of adaptation will be a certain degree of similarity of function without any regard to bodily form.

All this does not mean that the functions of an organism are entirely independent of hereditary influences, or, to use a modern expression, that the functioning of the body is not related to its constitution. However, it is quite impossible to show that certain constitutions are confined to definite races. On the contrary, every constitutional type is found in all races, at least so far as European types are concerned. It is therefore not possible to assign a certain individual to a definite race on the basis of his constitution. The

same is true of other individual and hereditary characteristics, such as the character of the blood.

It will be claimed against these considerations that the mental functioning of different racial groups examined in the United States has been found to be quite varied, and that particularly in the tests of enlisted soldiers great differences have been found in the responses of various racial groups. Stress has been laid upon Dr. Brigham's findings. He showed by means of intelligence tests that immigrants who came here quite recently do not do as well as those who have been here for a longer period. He concluded from this that a gradual deterioration of the immigrant stock has occurred. The observation is right, but the interpretation is quite arbitrary. When the same groups are investigated in regard to the degree of assimilation to American conditions, and particularly in regard to the acquisition of the English language, the same differences are found. We may therefore conclude that we are not by any means dealing with groups whose hereditary endowment is distinct, but that it takes time to adjust the behavior of the organism completely to new environment. Dr. Brigham himself, in a discussion held in Washington, adopted this point of view.

For a clear understanding of the biological conditions that determine the development of a population, we must bear in mind these facts:

First of all that the population of all parts of Europe is so constituted that not only all individuals differ among themselves, but also that family lines of quite distinct make-up exist in each and every population, and that the types represented in these family lines are not exclusively characteristic of any part of the continent, but that they occur everywhere with varying frequency. If we should grant for a moment that it were desirable to increase the tall, blond, "Nordic" type, — which we are not at all willing to admit, — this aim could be achieved only inadequately by confining immigration to British, German, and Scandinavian sources, because in all these countries individuals and family lines are found of those types which are considered characteristic of other parts of Europe; and because, on the other hand, among Russians and Finns, and to a lesser extent among Italians and Spaniards, "Nordic" types occur. National selection is not by any means identical with selection of definite physical types.

The second point to be borne in mind is that function is not by any means primarily determined by racial descent, but that in a large measure social conditions determine behavior. By concentrating attention upon the difference between individual genealogical descent and racial affiliation, we must clear our minds of the erroneous concept of a biologically determined racial behavior. So far as behavior is determined by heredity in family lines, we find among the Nordics imbeciles, weaklings, emotionally unstable strains, as well as good sound stock of excellent nervous make-up and strong constitution, but the same is true not only of Nordics but of all other races, not only of Europe but of other continents as well. All races adapt themselves in their physiological and mental functioning to the demands of the environment. It is, therefore, even more true from this point of view that national discrimination does not lead to the selection of desirable family lines.

The history of emigration from European countries gives ample proof of the adjustability of selected groups. For a time Great Britain used Australia as a dumping ground for criminals, while "remittance men", — that is, young men not well fitted to become useful members of home society, who never were able to get along there, — have been and still are a not inconsiderable element in British emigration. Nevertheless the descendants of these socially undesirable groups form the stock that is developing new countries. The new conditions bring about a new form of behavior, although there is no change in the hereditary make-up.

Even if all of this is understood the supporters of national discrimination in our immigration policy claim that biological science has shown that intermixture of distinct types, as those of the different parts of Europe, is detrimental, that "mongrel" races must deteriorate. This opinion is merely a transfer of our evaluation of stocks of domesticated animals to mankind, without a shadow of proof that it is applicable. A carefully selected breed of race horses or fancy cattle may, of course, be spoiled by intermixture with other breeds, — although it is very doubtful whether the break-down by intermixture of the artificially bred one-sidedness is not actually a physical improvement of the stock. In the human race, in nations, we have nothing that is analogous to an inbred stock. Inbred stock develops only locally by long continued isolation, as in the high aristocracy of Europe, in small

stable village communities, as in our Kentucky Mountains. Nobody has ever claimed superiority for these groups, — except their own members. The national groups that have developed are nowhere of pure selected descent. Many illustrations may be given. Spain, a country that at present is most isolated, offers an excellent example. The ancient Iberian population was overlaid by Phoenicians, by Celtic immigrants, by Roman colonists, by Gothic invaders, and by Moors who entered from Africa, and the resultant is a people of mixed descent derived from west European, east Mediterranean, east European, and north African sources. The political greatness of Spain followed the period of most extended mixture, and its decay is coincident with the period of isolation and inbreeding. If we want to draw an inference from Spanish history we might say that race mixture has resulted in strength, — a conclusion that would be just as little justified as the converse popular opinion that race mixture brings about deterioration.

It does not matter what part of Europe we may consider, everywhere the same history of intermixture of the most diverse racial stocks will be found. England had its ancient dark complexioned population which still persists in Wales, and we can trace successively a prehistoric invasion of round-headed people from the continent, later on the arrival of Roman colonists, influx from the coasts of the North Sea, and the invasion of the Norman conquerors. Germany has always been the meeting ground of peoples from all parts of Europe. The Balkan peninsula and Italy have repeatedly been swamped by waves of immigration from northern Europe that can be traced back to a period more than 1000 years before our era. In short, everywhere we find the same phenomenon of mixture that we observe at the present time in the United States. The ancient Greeks were of mixed north European and Mediterranean descent. Italy, which developed the Roman Empire, had a hybrid population. The Renaissance found the Italian population mixed to an even greater extent. An attempt to show that a people of pure descent has contributed more to human progress than another of mixed descent does not lead to any positive result.

Since among certain groups of investigators the knowledge of the complexity of descent of European nations is dawning, a new

attitude is gradually developing. While in former times emphasis was laid upon the "mongrelization" developing from the "Melting Pot", it is now denied that America is a melting pot, but it is claimed that the different strains continue here in isolation, or that, in case of mixture, the tendency of the offspring to reproduce ancestral forms prevents the development of mixed types. The attempt is made to support these viewpoints by alleged evidence showing that the "purer stocks" of Europe, — whatever this may mean, — are the more capable and valuable. We have already shown that historical proof of this opinion cannot be given. The second point of view, namely that the descendant in a mixed population reverts to the ancestral type and hence acts like the ancestral type, hardly requires any discussion, for the same mixture has occurred in all European countries, and the identification of behavior and type which is here assumed does not exist.

The claim that the immigrant nationalities fail to mingle is not borne out by the facts. Unfortunately our Census reports do not allow us to give a detailed answer to this question, and it may be hoped that in the next Census reports data relating to this important matter may be worked out more carefully. The most thorough investigations of this problem were made by Dr. J. Drachsler in New York and by Mrs. Beatrice Wessel in New Haven. Obviously our large cities are the regions in which national cohesion is strongest, because there is a marked tendency for people coming from the same locality to live together. An investigation of intermarriage such as has been made by Dr. Drachsler shows, however, that the increase of intermarriages in the second generation even in our large cities is very considerable. For immigrants, the number of intermarriages between different nationalities as compared with the total number of marriages is 10.4 per cent, while for the second generation the corresponding number is 32.4 per cent of the total number of marriages. These are the figures for men of one nationality marrying women of another nationality. For women marrying men of other nationalities the numbers are respectively 10.1 per cent for immigrant women and 30.1 for their descendants. No matter how the statistics obtained by Dr. Drachsler and Mrs. Wessel may be grouped, the great increase of intermarriages between descendants of different nationalities is clearly shown even in our industrial cities.

Similar results may be obtained from a study of fecundity. While first generation immigrants have a comparatively large number of children, the fecundity of succeeding generations decreases rapidly. According to Dr. Joseph A. Hill, who wrote a report for the Immigration Commission, 1911, among immigrants 100 married women have 360 children, while in the second generation 100 married women have 290 children. The average number of years a woman was married for each child born was 3.0 years for immigrants and 3.4 years for the second generation. Among Italians the figures are 380 children for each 100 immigrant women, 210 for the second generation of married women. It is true that the number of observations for second generation in 1910 was too small and the families too incomplete to give satisfactory results, but the great difference in the number is undoubtedly significant of the process of reduction in the number of children. Statistics collected in Cleveland are also characteristic of actual conditions. Among immigrant women under 45 years of age married 10 to 19 years, 19.6 per cent had not more than two children, 42.8 per cent from 3 to 5 children, 37.6 more than five children. In the second generation, 39.2 per cent had not more than 2 children, 44.7 per cent from 3 to 5 children, 16.1 per cent more than 5 children. The combined figures for Italians, Hungarians, Poles, and Russians are as follows: among immigrant women, 13.4 per cent had not more than 2 children, 39.0 per cent from 3 to 5 children, 47.6 per cent more than 5 children; among married women of the second generation, 26.2 per cent had not more than 2 children, 59.5 per cent from 3 to 5 children, 14.3 per cent more than 5 children. Conditions in rural communities of Ohio are quite similar. Among immigrant women under 45 years of age and married from 10 to 19 years, 20.9 per cent had not more than 2 children, 44.8 per cent from 3 to 5 children, 34.2 per cent more than 5 children. Among women of the second generation the corresponding figures are 31.5 per cent not more than 2 children, 45.2 per cent from 3 to 5 children, 23.4 per cent more than 5 children. All the information we have shows uniformly a gradual approach to the fecundity of native American families. The study of distribution of occupation made by Dr. Joseph A. Hill contained in the Report of the Immigration Commission shows a similar gradual shift of occupation to the American standard. The

information is not as full as it might be because the age grouping could not be taken satisfactorily into consideration.

Notwithstanding all the criticisms that may be made against the data we have in hand, the unbiased observer will see that everywhere the process of amalgamation is proceeding rapidly, and that the dangers which are supposed to exist from a biological point of view are purely imaginary.

We should insist at the present time that in order to formulate a sensible policy in regard to immigration we ought to know exactly what becomes of the immigrants. Much of the material is available in the individual records of the Census Reports, but we ought to demand that in the next Census those particular inquiries should be made that will answer once and for all the claims that are being made of lack of assimilation and assimilability of immigrants. At the present time this opinion cannot be substantiated. All the available evidence points to a rapid assimilation of the children of immigrants born in this country.

Whatever protective measures may seem commendable from an economic viewpoint, the only restriction of immigration that can be defended from a biological or sociological point of view is one based on the health of the family lines of the immigrants. Nationality is absolutely irrelevant. The fear of continued segregation of European national groups is not founded on facts, but on vague impressions obtained from the massing of immigrants in congested city quarters. It does not take into consideration the dispersion of the second and third generation, who become so thoroughly Americanized that in many cases it is quite impossible to obtain exact information in regard to the provenience of individuals. The social resistance to Americanizing influences is so weak that it may rather be regretted that we profit so little from the cultural heritage of the immigrants than that we should fear their modifying influence upon American thought and sentiment.

A SOBER WET-LAND

How Sweden Is Conquering Alcohol Without Prohibition

HOWARD MINGOS

AMERICANS, though divided about Prohibition, are united in regarding alcoholism as an unmitigated evil. Sweden is conquering alcoholism without resorting to Prohibition. In a few years, without curtailing legitimate freedom, with fairness to all classes, one of the heaviest-drinking peoples in the world has been transformed into a sober, happy, temperate-drinking populace. By a system of personal license, described in this article, drinking, a crime in America, is becoming a fine art in Sweden.

FIVE years of strict liquor control under the Stockholm system have convinced the Swedish people that it is possible to regulate the drink habit by laws assuring equal treatment for rich and poor alike. They have been legislated into a state of temperance and sobriety unequaled in other northern countries, — and that without drastic prohibition. It is more remarkable when we reflect that the Swedes themselves once feared they were becoming a race of drunkards.

Drinking has not gone out of fashion. It is still legal. Furthermore, it is the rule rather than the exception for an adult to drink publicly and privately. The Government receives thirty million dollars annually in excess profits from liquor sales. Every kind of decent alcoholic beverage distilled, fermented, or brewed anywhere on earth can be procured by any person in Sweden providing that he or she is not an habitual drunkard.

Incredible as it may seem, intoxication, once so common in city, town, and country, is now exceedingly bad form among all classes, notwithstanding that the poor and humble of station may buy any of the known drinkables in the same manner as the wealthy host who maintains for his guests a flowing and varied bowl. The workman has the same opportunities for the pleasures incident to moderate indulgence.

If that is a paradox, first fix in your minds this thought: to-day the prohibitionists have less cause and fewer chances of making Sweden dry than at any time in their century-old campaign. They held a voluntary plebiscite two years ago. The country had been under the Stockholm system long enough to have tested its efficacy. There had been a sort of liquor control since 1913. The

Stockholm system had been tried out in the capital city since 1916. In 1919 the entire country had been placed under that system. The organized prohibition forces sallied forth with all possible arguments and the slogan, "Think of our children: vote *for* prohibition!" They did not want temperance. They wanted alcohol placed in the category of drugs, so that the next generation would know nothing about it and therefore could not become addicted to drinking, so they thought.

There were many temperate, even abstemious, men and women in Sweden who took another view. They thought of the long coastlines where it would be impossible to prevent smuggling. They gave considerable thought to such things as personal liberty and tried to differentiate between liberty and license. They peered into the future and saw young Swedish men and women traveling in other countries where there was no prohibition. They scanned their own wine cellars and found no cause to believe that those cellars would remain unstocked for future generations.

They understood the difficulties of attempting teetotal legislation as evidenced in Norway, Finland, and the United States. They had no faith in smuggled goods or home-made concoctions. They did not want their progeny to acquire a taste for adulterated beverages. Finally they joined the ranks of the moderates and went to the polls under a banner like that of the prohibitionists, except for one word. It read: "Think of our children: vote *against* prohibition!"

Nearly two-thirds of the men and about two-fifths of the women were against prohibition, though less than a third of the population voted at all, which may indicate anything you please. It is said that everybody desiring prohibition voted, while the others for the most part remained at home. After three months observing conditions throughout Sweden, I concluded that the vast majority do not want to change a system which impels a workman and his entire family to consider intoxication and other alcoholic abuses not only degrading and contemptible, but a reflection on the ability of the masses to manage their own conduct.

The people now have sufficient regulation to show them what it would mean if their drinking privileges were taken away. That is probably why drunkenness has decreased by approximately seventy-five per cent. With the perfection of the Stockholm system it

must soon disappear utterly. Respectable drinkers are beginning to use alcohol as we take our coffee, tea, or milk,—enough to satisfy our normal desires, but not too much. And inebriates will not be able to drink.

That could not have been brought about by police supervision. The Swedes had been a hard-drinking race since Viking days. Their problem was far different from ours. Most of our heavy drinking was in public places, where it might have been regulated by the police. Ninety per cent of the Swedish liquor consumption was in the home, a barrier which police powers could not penetrate.

Under the Gothenberg system, in effect for fifty years, the saloon-restaurants had been conducted by municipal authority on a non-profit making basis. Public abuses could be corrected. But they were insignificant compared to the evils of home-drinking where the habit was developed perniciously. That is why the Gothenberg system was a failure in the battle against the demon rum. It had found sanctuary in the home, the one inviolate place in modern democracy. Yet it was the most vital spot. The people realized that they entertained a hydra-headed monster which was destroying their ethical culture.

Dr. Ivan Bratt, physician and specialist in social hygiene, and a member of the city corporation of Stockholm, in 1914 discovered a "joker" in the liquor law. It was a clause providing that the trade should be conducted "in a manner having in view the morals of the public." He is responsible for the present nation-wide control. It is known as the Stockholm system because it was first confined solely to the capital.

Dr. Bratt and his associates proved that the trade was not being conducted for the public welfare. The various kinds of regulation in different sections did not accomplish the desired result, could not, in fact, when everybody in the business was naturally doing everything possible to increase the demand. Dr. Bratt and a group of Stockholm residents secured the right to establish a new system in that city, a monopoly financed by private capital, to handle all alcoholic fluids sold, except low per cent beer. The monopoly was so chartered that all profits exceeding five per cent annual dividends for the shareholders would be turned into the Government treasury.

The Stockholm system company commenced operations in 1916. To-day there are one hundred and fifty such system companies in as many localities, each financed locally, excess profits reverting to the Government. Under the law no district may have a liquor supply except through the agency of its own system company. Districts without such companies are legally dry. The drinkers manage to procure supplies by the same methods once employed in our local option communities.

Another organization was created in Stockholm, at first to provide only the local system company with all intoxicants by importing, distilling, and otherwise producing everything sold. A law granting such broad powers would ordinarily mean confiscation of private property, for obviously the distilleries and wine agencies would be forced out of business. Instead, the new company bought up all the others at a fair price satisfactory to the owners. In 1919 it secured parliamentary sanction to purchase all the distilleries and wine companies in Sweden and to market imports. It has the sole right to supply all the system companies; and, like them, it pays excess profits to the Government.

The system companies have three methods of distribution. They sell to private restaurants, hotels, and cafés, which must serve food to everybody who drinks. They also have their own hotels and restaurants, under the same regulations as their private competitors. Lastly, they own and conduct all the retail stores in their districts, the only places where liquors and wines may be legally procured for home consumption. These system companies are their own legal guardians. They also supervise the trade in the private places. The Government has no enforcement problem, the monopoly attending to that. It depends on the police only for coöperation in line with their routine duties.

The shareholders term themselves philanthropists because they earn only five per cent on their investment in a country where six and seven per cent are normally low returns. They pride themselves on having eliminated the vicious saloon evils which existed in the home. In other words, they assert that some homes would now be virtually saloons had it not been for the system which they have financed. The reader may accept at its face value the statement that there is nothing in that system to encourage or conceal graft.

If there are speak-easies and the like, they are rare. They must depend upon smuggled wares. They cannot exist after the rate of exchange is adjusted in neighboring countries. Depreciated currency in the Baltic States, particularly Germany, has been responsible for liquor smuggling, though the problem has never been serious. The control system can sell as cheaply as the smugglers, once the exchange becomes normal.

Anybody can buy a drink. Man or woman, resident or traveler, rich or poor, one may be served with any kind of a drink if he orders a meal. He may buy whiskey, brandy, or cordials by the glass, champagne, claret, or other wines by the bottle. He can have as much as he cares to drink as long as he remains sober enough to drink it. The inspectors and statisticians employed by the system companies find that one rarely becomes intoxicated while eating food. To insure against over-drinking in public, the system companies,— that is, the control,— have placed the burden of responsibility squarely on the shoulders of the proprietors. Prices are regulated by the monopoly according to the general standards of service in a restaurant. The owner or his servants must not encourage drinking among the patrons. He cannot build up his business on spirits and wine sales. The system company keeps a careful check on his accounts. If his orders exceed the supplies purchased during the previous year, he must pay to the Government the actual difference between the price paid and that received for all the surplus. That eliminates the chief evil of public drinking.

One finds the people of all classes dining in and out of doors throughout the day and until the closing hour at midnight. Dining is one of the most popular pastimes. The gastronomic art has attained a high state of perfection; and one is not surprised to find wine on a majority of the tables. A bottle of claret is as common as water in our restaurants. Strong brandies, whiskies, and other spirits are taken in small quantities. Among the well-to-do and, let us say, the cultured classes, wine is more popular than beer.

There are two kinds of beer. The strong, imported brands are handled by the monopoly in the same manner as wines. The other kind is limited by law to 3.2 per cent in alcoholic content by weight. That is the only alcoholic beverage not under the control

system. It is brewed and sold by private companies exactly as near-beer is sold in this country, without restriction.

I have walked in the poorest quarters of the cities late in the evening seeking to find a flaw in the system, for I have seen enough of the drink evil in my own country to credit prohibition with having removed from the saloon the most vicious of the evils which existed under the old system. Our speak-easies are conducted in a careful manner to-day; and prohibition is entitled to all the credit. I was curious to see what the Stockholm system was doing with that problem. I could not find a speak-easy in any of the thirty or more communities I visited.

I have trailed a straggler through the streets of the old "city between the bridges" in Stockholm, into alleys and under archways, to find myself gazing upon a poor man's rendez-vous. There, where one might expect to find drunkenness and brawls and foul oaths, I saw some beer drinking and heard a group trying to sing a popular song. Later I was told that I shouldn't have gone there, for it had once been the most disreputable place in all Sweden. But I was treated courteously and took a drink unmolested.

Based on experiences as a newspaperman in several industrial communities here, I knew what to seek in similar neighborhoods in Sweden. I found the saloon-restaurants as respectable as any of the four classes of drinking places maintained by the system companies. In Stockholm the company operates four luxury class restaurants, among them the Grand Hotel, largest in Sweden, ten first class restaurants, thirty second class, and eighteen third class. Their class is determined by the food, service, and general appointments.

The luxury class and a majority of the first class restaurants do not sell beer. It is customary to order a bottle of wine with one's food, and possibly a stronger appetizer. In those restaurants the waiters think it uncommonly strange if a patron fails to buy wine. On the other hand, they probably would be shocked to find him intoxicated on rendering the bill. That applies to similar places conducted by private owners.

For purposes of comparison only, I assume that the white-collar workers eat and drink in the second class places. The laborers and others patronize the third class, though there is no rule. It depends on one's economic status. Stenographers and shop-girls may be

found drinking beer with their noonday luncheon in any of these restaurants, many of which are gayly decorated with grape-vine designs. No Swedish truck-driver would think of having a dinner party at a beer restaurant if he were entertaining his relatives or friends. They would go to a place where they could have wine, especially claret.

I visited every type of restaurant in Stockholm, ate the food, sampled the drinks, and inspected the kitchens. It helped considerably in clinching the conclusions set forth here. As far as public drinking is concerned the liquor control is not apparent unless one sets out to become intoxicated. In that event the waiters may be trusted to anticipate those plans and thwart them by refusing to serve one further. He may go into another restaurant to finish up the evening; and before he has ordered that second and superfluous meal the waiter will have been forewarned. One may depart knowing that he has been recognized as a recent victim of this new order of things. The only alternative is to go home and drink up the private supply. But if one is a confirmed drunkard, I will wager he has no supply at home.

The Stockholm company, which is the model for all the others, conducts thirty retail wine and liquor stores in the city with its population of 600,000. To purchase liquors, wines, or strong beer one must own a *mot* book which is issued annually to every applicant above the age limit who qualifies for it. In it one is credited with the amount of liquor he may buy monthly. There is no limit to his wine privileges, within reason, as long as he is in good standing. He must secure his *mot* book and make all his purchases at the store in the district where he resides. That enables the officials and attendants to keep a close check on his habits, for he must possess a reputation for sobriety, and he must have paid his taxes.

If he is the head of a household, he may buy more than if he lives alone. He is not allowed more than a gallon of hard liquors a month. The average applied for and sold last year was a half-gallon monthly. A woman living alone can have as much as a gallon a year. A responsible person, whose family or friends have not reported him as being improvident or negligent of his family's welfare, may buy an extra allotment when he entertains friends in his home, — always within reason, say a few drinks for each person.

About one million *mot* books are issued annually in Sweden, an average of one to every six persons in the entire population. Some of the retail stores have as many as 5000 patrons living in that district, men and women of all degrees. There one finds the man of business alongside his clerk, a professor, a clergyman, and a porter, the woman of social prominence and her charwoman. In some stores business is so brisk that the employees have no time to go out for luncheon. They prepare their noonday meal in the storerooms where extra supplies are kept.

The stores are not unlike our banks in appearance. They have the same respectable atmosphere. The men and women who attend to the wants of customers are carefully dressed and dignified. No salesmanship is involved. While politeness is the rule, there is no catering to customers. No wares are displayed. Wines and liquors, bottled and wrapped in colored papers, are packed snugly on the shelves which cover a wall in the rear of the long counter. There are the wrapping paper, twine, and price lists, the only things in sight. The price lists are like telephone directories, with their scores of pages setting forth quality, quantity, and prices, all standard everywhere in the country.

Each store has its Argus, usually in the person of a trim old lady who handles the card index with its signatures and other data concerning everyone who buys at that store. It is like cashing a check at the bank, only the procedure is more strict and unvarying. The guardian is behind a small counter near the cashier. One submits his *mot* book and signs his name to his application for the amount desired. His signature is always compared with that in the index which also holds against him any charge reported from the police or other sources. If a man has been registered as a disturber of the peace during a party in a far-flung province, it will confront him on his next visit to his own store in Stockholm. It may be possible for him to have a friend secure a bottle or two for him; but this practise is surrounded by many pitfalls, and the penalties are similar to those imposed for perjury. It is not often done.

All kinds of parcel carriers are brought to the stores, — suitcases, handbags, market baskets, and the varied receptacles in which respectable ladies carry their knitting. Swedish men and women might be dropping into the bank on their way home from the public markets.

Yet one seldom sees a small boy or girl drinking wine. The foremost clergymen with whom I discussed the matter said that the people are learning the habits of temperance under the best possible conditions. They preach temperance and total abstinence, but few of them subscribe to prohibition.

School teachers and municipal officials say there is a marked decrease annually in excessive drinking among all young people. Social workers say that existing poverty cannot be traced to drinking. Police records show that crimes and misdemeanors are exceptionally rare, and few of them can be attributed to alcohol. Authorities confirm the statements of hospitals and private practitioners that cases of chronic alcoholism are less than a fourth of the number treated annually ten years ago, when the first attempts at regulation were made.

Sweden has compulsory military service. Young men of college age must serve an aggregate of one year. There are no exceptions. They represent all classes. Army men who have handled the conscripts for thirty years told me that formerly it was the custom for a young Swede to celebrate extensively on the eve of departing for camp. More often than not a recruit spent several days recovering from alcoholism before he could be assigned to duty. They said that for two years a drunken recruit has been an object of curiosity.

Gymnasium instructors, in charge of the physical culture classes so celebrated throughout the country, said that young men and women in the schools, colleges, shops, and factories are acquiring exemplary habits of temperance, and the drink question is hardly considered.

I have several pages of statistics covering the last ten years of Swedish drinking. Briefly, they show that during that period, in the first half of which the present control system was being formed, there has been a forty-two per cent decrease in the consumption of wines and liquors. In the last two years it has decreased by approximately thirty per cent.

There you have a transformation in a country where drinking is becoming one of the fine arts, instead of a crime.

CATHOLICISM IN MASSACHUSETTS

KATE SARGENT

EDITORIAL FOREWORD

FOR six months THE FORUM opened its pages to a general discussion of Roman Catholicism in the United States. In the March FORUM Michael Williams, a Catholic layman, editor of "The Commonweal", challenged Protestants to come out into the open and state why they considered his Church un-American. In April John Jay Chapman accepted this challenge. In May Frederick Joseph Kinsman, former Protestant bishop and now a Catholic layman, replied to Mr. Chapman. In June, Charles Fama made a further indictment from the Protestant point of view. He was replied to in July by William Franklin Sands who closed the discussion. Throughout these months many persons, both Catholic and Protestant, suggested to the Editor that THE FORUM undertake an impartial survey of Massachusetts, with the idea of ascertaining whether any basis exists for the oft-repeated charges of interference in Bay State politics by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of that State. Acting on this suggestion THE FORUM secured the services of Mrs. Sargent, who during several months personally investigated the alleged interference of the Church in Massachusetts politics. The results of her investigation are contained in the two part article which appears in this number and in the November issue.

PART I — THE INVESTIGATION

Everyone knows the old fable of the camel and the tent; how the Arab, stirred to sympathy as his comrade of the caravan shivered in the cold night air of the desert, allowed him to put his head inside the enclosure; then his shoulders, then a hump, and so on; until the camel had pre-empted the tent and the Arab was forced to move out.

The dweller in Massachusetts to-day is faced with a curious analogy between his State and that allegorical tent. The original proprietor, Protestantism, finds his title becoming more and more dubious, his movements more and more restricted. Although still

retaining a corner of his domicile, he is wondering how long he may be able to dwell there.

In Boston, indeed, the transfer of title has been almost complete. The Protestant has been practically ousted from political life; the city is Catholic-governed, and schools as well as municipal departments reflect the influence of the Church of Rome. In business that church has its merchant princes; the professions include many prominent Catholics.

The Protestant Bostonian, accustomed to this state of affairs, views it with a sort of humorous resignation. With the poet, he sings:

> "*Here's to the City of Boston,*
> *The home of the bean and the cod,*
> *Where the Flanagans govern the Lowells,*
> *And even monopolize God.*"

If he is engaged in business or professional work he has many Catholic friends whom he holds in high regard and affection. While the subject under discussion in this article is not racial, in Boston the situation is largely racial, Roman Catholicism being so closely interwoven with the many lovable traits of the Irish people that in the popular mind they are synonymous.

Culturally the "Athens of America", Boston is politically an Irish-Catholic stronghold, where the stray Protestant in politics knows that he is hanging on by the eyelids and may get a shove any day that will cast him permanently into the discard. The population is about three-fifths Catholic. Roman Catholicism is of the very fabric of the city's life.

So gradually has this change come about that there has been no arming against it. Acquiescently shrinking farther and farther into his tent, the owner has seen the gentle but inexorable encroachments of his companion without attempting to repel them. For, be it remembered, the Arab and the camel are friends and fellow-travelers of old. They have toiled together; in each other's company they have withstood the scorching sun of the desert, its cruel storms, and its penetrating cold. When ease and shelter are at hand, the Arab shares both gladly. All he asks is a fair allotment. He is slow to perceive that his old friend wants the whole tent, and realization comes to him with a shock. What can he do about it?

Now, the Arab's case shows that one may live with a problem a long while without recognizing that it is a problem. The Massachusetts Yankee has lived so long with his that he hardly sees it as such. For him it still wears the aspect of an old, familiar acquaintance, always welcome at his fireside. It is only when he delves into a study of the subject, discarding the friendly prejudice born of neighborly intercourse and close personal ties, that he awakens, with something of a start, to several facts not apparent on the surface.

He learns, for one thing, that friendship between members of the two sects, friendship which he has always taken for granted, is discouraged by the Roman Church; that a very real barrier exists between him and his Catholic neighbor, a barrier of the Church's own rearing, strongly reinforced wherever a gap appears.

When he seeks to thresh out the matter honestly in open discussion he encounters a conspiracy of silence, for which his own people are largely to blame. So afraid are his Protestant brethren of incurring the false charge of "religious prejudice" that they discourage even the most friendly and dispassionate controversy.

He discovers that the extreme difficulty in achieving any advance in public education is due to the powerful influence of the Roman Hierarchy in blocking all legislation favorable to development of the public schools, such measures being regarded by it as hostile to the parochial schools.

He finds that while for three centuries the steady trend of government has been away from sectarian domination and toward religious freedom for all, with absolute separation of church and state, his Roman neighbor during that interval has been steadily nurturing an ideal of union between church and state, and building up a citizenry, potent with ballots, trained in the Roman and not in the American ideal.

He becomes aware, in short, that the Roman Church wears two aspects: one, the healer of hearts and builder of souls, pointing the way of faith and salvation, easing the burdens of sin and toil; the other, a strong political machine, ambitious for temporal power, and rigidly opposing every measure or institution that would block its way to domination.

Such a student finds that a large proportion of Catholics do not themselves recognize the political face of their Church. Those who

habitually bow to its mandates in temporal affairs may even go through life unaware of the tremendous power exerted by it in civil matters. Unless they become objects of punishment for disobedience, they sincerely believe that as American citizens they are free to exercise personal judgment in civil questions. It is through them, to be sure, that the Church wields its power; but the political and religious aspects are so adroitly presented that the compliant follower sees only the latter.

He is taught that pre-eminence of Catholics in civil life all tends to the glory of God, and does not realize that a political victory here, a defeat there, the punishment of business boycott or social ostracism invoked upon a fellow-parishioner for insubordination, all operate toward aggrandizement of the Church in mundane life.

Massachusetts has had her taste of sectarian domination. It must be recalled that the old Bay State, ostensibly the home of religious freedom, was in fact founded by a colony of devout believers who sought liberty of faith for themselves without extending the same privilege to others. Thus the earliest government in the State was a church government; the church *was* the state, — in a figurative sense, — before the Commonwealth as such existed. That church whipped Quakers through the streets; it hanged witches in Salem; it drove out Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson.

By slow degrees the colony expanded and rid itself of this religious despotism. It took one hundred and fifty years to get to the point of drawing up a State Constitution in which the right of the individual to worship as he pleased was sedulously safeguarded. Even this early constitutional government, however, was a Protestant government. The word occurs in Article 3 of the old Constitution, where provision is made for the support and maintenance of "public Protestant teachers of piety, religion, and morality." This stipulation was later dropped for the eleventh amendment, which gave the right to all religious societies to elect their own leaders, and forbade the subordination of any one sect or denomination to another. The same amendment carried a repeal of the constitutional clause which empowered the legislature to enforce attendance at church. This article, giving equal rights to all sects, has since become incorporated into the body of

the rearranged Constitution, and now takes rank in the very framework of the State's declaration of rights, instead of figuring as an afterthought.

The Catholic Church in Massachusetts has benefited enormously by these changes to wax and grow strong. Under the slogan of "free institutions" it has built up an exceedingly powerful local influence, fostered by its system of parochial schools. Through these schools, where growing boys and girls are purposely segregated from contact with those of other sects, and through admonitions now and then from official sources, the Church discourages that fraternity in daily life that is part and parcel of American democracy.

Before citing any of these admonitions, it is pertinent here to make reference to recent activities in Massachusetts of the Ku Klux Klan. When sporadic outbreaks of the Klan first occurred some years ago an effort was made by its leaders to identify themselves with the Freemasons. No doubt many Catholics honestly believed in that identity. To clear the air, the Grand Lodge of Masons formally repudiated the Klan and all its works, as did the bulk of fair-minded and enlightened Protestants throughout the State.

Klansmen, always prolific of anti-Papist propaganda, have been discredited as a source of information in this survey. None of the facts cited has been obtained from any Klan source, and no member of that organization has been interviewed. In fact, so little flame has flickered under the smoke of Klan "news" that in the course of fifteen year's newspaper work the writer has never, to her knowledge, even met a member of the order.

Two or three years ago a hue and cry was raised concerning the oath of the Knights of Columbus, in which, according to anti-Catholic alarmists, pledges were taken involving dire secret practises and even bloodshed. Immediately a hair-trigger alarm of "religious persecution" was sounded, and unbiased Protestants as well as Catholics rushed to the defense of the accused order.

In graceful acknowledgement of this defense, the Catholic Church renewed its ancient hostility against Freemasonry. Its suspicion, misunderstanding, and hatred of that institution is reflected in a paper by the Reverend John J. Graham, I. P. P., read at the annual fall conference of the Senior Clergy at Ca-

thedral Hall, Boston, and published in "The Pilot", official organ of the Boston Catholic diocese, October 25, 1924.

Under the title, "Doctrine of Church on Secret Societies", the speaker reiterates charges very similar to those so recently brought against the Knights of Columbus and discredited by Protestants. The Freemason, he avers, is "armed for bloodshed after having secured immunity for the crime" . . . "the assassin very often escapes the detection and penalty of his crime;" and so on. But there is something in the article far more striking than these fantastic accusations. The speaker, in condemnation, outlines the aims and objects of the Masonic body as follows:

"They hold that all men have the same rights and are in every respect of equal and like condition; that each one is naturally free; that no one has the right to command another; that it is an act of violence to require men to obey any authority other than that which is obtained from themselves.

"According to this, therefore, all things belong to the free people; power is held by the command of the people so that, when the popular will changes, rulers may be lawfully deposed. The source of all rights and civil duties is either in the multitude or in the governing authority when this is constituted according to the latest doctrines. It is held also that the State should be without God; that in the various forms of religion there is no reason why one should have precedence of another; and that they are all to occupy the same place. For some time past they have openly endeavored to bring this about with all their strength and resources. Should this be accomplished, there will surely be an indifference to all religion, which means its destruction, the destruction of every distinction of rank and property, and the overthrow of society as at present constituted."

The non-Catholic reader rubs his eyes and looks again. These aims and purposes, as outlined by the reverend speaker, are surely a paraphrase from the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights. . . . That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, That whenever any Form of Govern-

ment becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it." (Declaration of Independence)

"No subordination of any one sect or denomination to another shall ever be established by law." (Constitution of Massachusetts)

Although not all Protestants are Masons, yet every patriotic Protestant will subscribe to the purposes here imputed to that order. He had supposed that his Catholic friends subscribed to them also. He has "openly endeavored to bring them about"? Nay, his forefathers did that and, we had thought, succeeded. The Roman Catholic speaker has clearly summed up the ideals of American democracy. Upon what grounds does he condemn them? Are they repudiated by the great body of Catholic citizens who live under their protection?

In the same issue of "The Pilot" appears a letter, signed "A Plain Catholic", which throws light on the matter of intersectarian friendships. The writer asks with some scorn whether the church sanctions fraternizing between Catholics and Freemasons. An editorial, following the letter, condemns such fraternizing in these terms:

"It is nothing short of contemptuous compromising of eternal, essential principles. It is wrong, inherently so. . . . It is always the weak and vacillating Catholic who wishes to appear 'tolerant and broad' and be styled by his non-Catholic friends as 'different from other Catholics I have met' who is found in the whispering ranks of compromise, blinking historic fact and essential Catholic teaching, so that he will be looked upon as one of the 'more intelligent class'.

"Cheap fraternizing with Freemasonry on the part of Catholics is tantamount to unmanly and unworthy compromise of their precious Christian heritage. Such fraternizing should cease."

Elsewhere "The Pilot" asks contemptously, "Are you a 'nice' Catholic?" — expounding the term as one used by non-Catholics to describe the liberal Roman Churchman who maintains friendships with those of other sects.

This is the official attitude toward such friendships. It does not appear to be the attitude of the average Catholic layman. That such friendships persist, in spite of these warnings, is a thorn in the side of the church. An instance related by an eminent Massachusetts Mason is typical. This man is accustomed to pass his

vacations with an intimate Catholic friend, and in the relaxation of holiday-time they have talked freely, each with tolerance for the other's religious creed. The Catholic once narrated with perfect simplicity an episode in which his parish priest had interposed in his most intimate domestic relations, and in which he had complied, never questioning the authority and wisdom of his mentor. Some time later, however, he told angrily of an admonition by the church as to how he should vote, and took the quite American view that this was outside the province of the church and that he should vote as he pleased.

This type of Catholic, evolved out of American democracy, is another fly in the ointment. He is the source of greatest danger to church politics.

"Nothing that any outside power can do to the Catholic Church can weaken it," said a widely known Protestant clergyman to this writer. "It is too powerful on its own score. But its weakness will lie in the growing liberality of its own members."

The liberal Catholic, to whom "The Pilot" refers with such scorn, is a strong factor in Massachusetts civil life. He has become so imbued with the American spirit of personal freedom and independence of thought that he disregards the mandates of the church in temporal matters and elects to think and vote as conscience dictates. He has proved a serious stumbling block to the Hierarchy in its efforts to sway legislation, for he throws his weight into the scale of progress.

It is this type that is the real sufferer in the silent antagonism of the two forces; for he is usually loyal to his church in spiritual matters, and is easily vulnerable for punishment through his family affections and home ties. He is set apart from his co-religionists as completely as from those of other creeds; he stands ill with his church, and knows the bitterness of seeing his inferiors in character and intellect apparently basking in the approval of the Church and certainly receiving its tacit support in politics.

He enjoys the respect and confidence of his non-Catholic friends, and sees those tributes derided in his church paper. He has filled more than one responsible and lucrative position by appointment, with efficiency and honor, but is almost invariably defeated for elective office because the votes of the "faithful" are stacked against him.

An interesting situation obtained in Boston at the last municipal election four years ago, when the rival candidates were both Roman Catholics. One was James M. Curley, who had already given an example of his work as chief executive and whom the Good Government Association was anxious to defeat.

This body, organized to combat the worst element in local politics and ribaldly known to that element as the "Goo-Goos", is non-sectarian. It fairly represents the minority that aspires to service and not patronage in public affairs, that wants to be governed and not bossed. It has no objection to a Roman Catholic Mayor, but does object to a Mayor who is the henchman of the Hierarchy in politics. It has included distinguished Catholics in its membership.

The "Goo-Goos" put John R. Murphy into the field, a man of high character and record, a Roman Catholic, brother-in-law of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, one who had held high office and was widely trusted and respected. He was supported by the Republicans, by most non-Catholics, and by every newspaper in Boston except one. This sheet abused and ridiculed him as one who sought to curry favor with the "highbrows". Because he had removed from his old home in Charlestown, now a sorely congested district, to the Back Bay, he was attacked as a snob and would-be aristocrat, disloyal to former friends and associations.

Curley was elected. In a government by majority, this was inevitable. As H. L. Mencken says, "Democracy is the theory that the plain people know what they want and deserve to get it good and hard."

For eight years now Boston has been getting Mayor Curley good and hard. It has not, apparently, changed its mind about what it wants, for when he ran for Governor last Fall he carried that city, although defeated in the State totals.

The Protestant, while such experiences have made him begin to realize his disadvantage, steadfastly refuses to discuss it. No one unacquainted with the situation through daily personal contact can comprehend the "soft-pedaling" practised in sectarian matters. Many Catholics are extraordinarily sensitive, and their non-Catholic friends respect that sensitiveness. The Protestant remains silent because he is loath to stir up religious animosities; or because he fears organized retaliation by the Hierarchy; or

because embroilment in any sectarian discussion would cripple his work as a public servant.

Some time ago, when Catholic opposition to certain school legislation became manifest, an editorial appeared in "The Congregationalist", entitled, "Coming Out Into the Open". The writer welcomed the fact that the ecclesiastical group had "laid its cards on the table" and urged that the whole matter be threshed out in the light of day. The hope that this might come to pass flickered and died. With sectarian differences the actual and only issue, such debate as found its way before the general public was conducted on specious grounds.

A State official interested in a certain piece of welfare legislation begged me not to mention it in print before the hearings, as it would "focus Catholic opposition".

A Protestant educator in a Massachusetts town, where Roman Catholicism predominates and where popular report declares that no one opposed to the Roman Church can make a living, denied that any problem existed there.

Various officials of the Good Government Association of Boston, whose purpose has been mentioned and which has borne the brunt of many sectarian hostilities, denied ever having experienced any friction.

Ample testimony was not lacking from public officials who talked frankly of being hampered in their work by concerted Catholic opposition, but these excused themselves from being quoted, on the just ground that in such case their usefulness would end.

These instances are characteristic of the Protestant attitude throughout the State. The result is a smouldering resentment where there has been conflict, and misunderstanding everywhere else.

The barrier is not one of creed. Indeed, there could hardly be a sharper division than exists between the various Protestant sects. When a Baptist clergyman can say to a Unitarian layman, as was said to me by the Reverend J. C. Massee, the eminent pastor of Tremont Temple in Boston, "You are a lost soul," two things are evident: first, that the Protestant-Catholic division is not a mere matter of theology; second, that those who regard the Roman Hierarchy as a menace to American institutions might take a

lesson in solidarity from the very power against which they would arm.

None is more tolerant of religious differences, *per se*, than the average Catholic layman. None is more intolerant than the old type of hard-shell Puritan, descendant of those early fanatics who conceived of religious freedom only as hostility to Papacy.

Of one such, a story is told by a former Boston woman who has lived much abroad and who, on a visit to Rome many years ago, was received, with others, in an informal audience granted by Pope Leo XIII. The audience chamber was filled with a silent, respectful group, Catholics and Protestants. When the aged Pontiff entered, he passed around the room, pausing before each visitor while the latter knelt and kissed the Papal ring.

When he came to the pillar of New England Puritanism (Heaven only knows why she was there at all!) she remained rigid, offering no genuflection. A tremor of embarrassment passed over the onlookers; but they were at once relieved and deeply touched when His Holiness halted and said to her in accents of benignity, "My friend, are you afraid of an old man's blessing?"

It is not with the tenets of faith of this saintly old man that the Protestant has any quarrel. He recognizes that the church, as a religious institution, of whatever sect, is a power for good in the community. In the town where I live there is a parochial school, standing across the street from the church, where on mild evenings an elderly priest sits by his garden wall. He is a picturesque figure in his long cassock and biretta, and is evidently popular and beloved, for visitors are frequently seen with him; sometimes a child, in confidential prattle; sometimes a troubled-looking man; sometimes a young girl, talking earnestly. To them he represents the spiritual Church, the benign mother, generous with counsel, merciful with forgiveness of sins. The little group by the garden wall, or the old man alone, resting after a day filled with devotion and pious duties, is a beautiful and moving sight.

One cannot wonder that so many, wearied with thinking out their own problems, turn to that church as to a repository of care, glad to lean their burdens upon it and to reck its rede. Recently twelve hundred converts were taken into the Catholic Church at Boston in a single ceremony.

They did this with the full acquiescence of the community in

which they live. America has rigorously safeguarded their right to worship as they choose. It is part of their heritage. What will they do with it? Once within the fold of the church, will they fight to preserve the institutions that have sheltered its growth? Or will they, as did the anti-Masonic speaker, assail those institutions?

The antagonism of the Roman Hierarchy to certain phases of American life has of late years become increasingly apparent. In 1919 Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of the Boston diocese, had this to say in an address on "The Reasonable Limits of State Activity", delivered at an educational conference in St Louis and published in "The Pilot", June 25 of that year:

"The medical inspection of schools, the physical examination and treatment of school children, the supplying of food for the indigent pupil, free dispensary treatment for the defective, and other similar provisions which have been added to the educational program of the State, all are signs of the spirit of machine centralization and control."

Yet, "machine centralization and control" is the very source and fountain of Roman Catholic strength. It is when a secular power of like nature develops, or even seems incipient, that a clash comes. The only solution would seem to be that the one or the other move out of the "tent".

WAR OR PEACE?

II — The Biology of War

FREDERICK ADAMS WOODS

IN this, the second article in THE FORUM'S *series on the scientific investigation of the causes of war, one of the most eminent of American biologists points out that, quite contrary to popular belief, war is as normal a state as peace. During the past one thousand years the civilized nations of the world have divided their time about equally between the two states. Applying statistical methods to history, he brings to light some of the many hidden factors in the causation of war and peace, and suggests further lines of inquiry.*

I AM asked what are the causes of war? Why is it never asked, what are the causes of peace? It seems always to be assumed that war is an exceptional or unnatural state of existence, whereas the truth is quite the contrary, for the records of history prove that for the last thousand years mankind has fought about half the time. Perhaps there has been some diminution in the time factor as the centuries have rolled on, but maybe not. Perhaps wars have declined in magnitude, or actually they may have increased in comparative extent. The Napoleonic wars, the Civil War in the United States, and the latest World War are enough to make us believe that wars may be increasing rather than decreasing in horror and magnitude.

There is very little known scientifically about the causes of war, but what little there is I shall attempt to summarize in this article. Complex as the matter is we know a great deal more about the problem than we did a generation ago, and we can understand it all very much better than we possibly could before the days of Darwin, Wallace, and the host of other workers who proved the doctrine of the evolution of man.

Most writers on the biological aspects of war have contented themselves with a theoretical interpretation of Darwinism, "the struggle for existence", and "the survival of the fittest", and how these forces ought to act in present-day life. This method might, in the hands of an impartial thinker, lead to some sound conclusions, but I notice that nearly all the writers are biased either towards the views of Nietzsche or towards the well-meant intentions of the pacifists. Furthermore they do not make use of the recently discovered facts that I wish to bring out here.

The first of these facts is that human beings are what they are, very largely, if not almost entirely, by reason of their inborn qualities depending on their differences already contained in the "chromosomes" of the germ-cells from which they are developed and born. This statement rests on the results of research work done within the last twenty-five years. It is the work of psychologists and biologists and is still unknown to the general reader, or at least its significance is still unappreciated even among the majority of writers on human problems.

We now know that heredity is very strong indeed. Also it is the declared belief of a majority of biologists of standing that environmentally acquired traits are not inherited. The changes come from shifts and shufflings originating in the chromosomes themselves. This means that sixty years of peace or two generations of a peaceful environment will not make a grandson any less of a natural born soldier than his grandfather. The justification for these two statements cannot be given here. The proofs may be found in Popenoe and Johnson's *Applied Eugenics*, or A. E. Wiggam's more recent and more readable book, *The Fruit of the Family Tree*.

We also know, though not quite so accurately, that much of our human behavior depends on the activity of instincts (emotions) of a physiological origin and bound up with the functioning of internal secretions depending on a half dozen specialized glands. We share with the animals the instinct of fear, anger, emulation (horses), curiosity (deer), building (birds and beavers), hoarding (squirrels and dogs), gregariousness (cattle etc.), independence (the solitary hunters, tigers, lions, etc.). But we do not share with any of the lower animals the instinct for war, for the very good reason that this so-called "brutal behavior" is unknown among the brutes. All carnivorous animals hunt, kill, and feed upon other species; the males of the gregarious, herbivorous mammals fight and sometimes kill each other (deer for example), but this is not warfare. Some of the lower animals hunt in packs, but no other vertebrate except man fights within his own species, in group formation. This alone is true war. Even the so-called warfare of ants is directed against other species, not against their own "flesh and blood". Indeed, often there is a curious provision of nature that the flesh of an animal cannot be eaten by another animal of

precisely the same species. It is distasteful or poisonous to him. Thus little fishes are protected from big fishes of their own kind. Under domestication or captivity some of these rules may not hold, but they are almost universal in a state of nature. The reason for this is not far to seek. It is probable that the balance of nature is so delicate and the struggle for existence so acute that no species that turned in on itself could possibly survive. Man, however, climbing to the pinnacle of power by virtue of his superior brain and having no competitors in sight, has been able, though just barely able, to subsist and even increase and multiply while indulging in a sort of biological luxury, namely killing his own kind.

At first man was no warrior, but the origin of warfare is not difficult to imagine. In the earliest days of man, at the time when *homo sapiens* separated from the other anthropoids, it is probable that he first descended from the trees and hunted the dangerous animals that usually make their homes upon the ground. He could not match them single-handed but he could more than do so if he always held to group-formation, in little bands of five to ten. The other anthropoids stayed in the trees or retired to the trees and developed into monkeys. The more timid of the half-men also took to the trees when frightened. The more bold and better organized stayed on the ground to fight. Man having no competitive species superior to himself and having acquired boldness, ambition, and group organization through mutual aid, some groups would clash with others over the question of the right to hunt or the right to hold certain territory, and the better units would be sure to survive. The larger aggregates would eliminate the smaller until gangs developed into tribes and tribes into nations. Man has fought perhaps half the time of his existence, and the constantly repeated test of warfare has kept the warring instinct alive. Groups without the gregarious warring instinct were either eliminated or forced to retire to very undesirable and inaccessible portions of the world, where some of them are even found to-day, or have been found in recent times, like the despised "Sheep Eating" Indians of the western United States.

On the contrary, the fighting instinct (quarrelsome disposition) has been constantly eliminated. Organized society has never been willing to tolerate its murderers and bandits. It has hung and im-

prisoned its single-handed killers, and although such individuals exist (often born that way) they are comparatively rare in proportion to the total population, even in such cities as New York or Chicago where we sometimes think they are as numerous as policemen. It is the failure to distinguish between the single-handed or individual fighting instinct and the self-sacrificing or true war instinct that has led so many people to suppose that because dueling has been abolished warfare can also be made to go the same way. The two tendencies have almost nothing in common. Indeed, they have marched in diametrically opposite directions.

Another reason for believing that warfare must continue, at least for a very long time, is drawn from an analysis of the historical records concerning the actual periods of peace and war. It is a popular belief, but like many other popular beliefs an erroneous one, that in the olden days mankind fought nearly all the time. As a matter of fact it would seem that there was not as much warfare eight hundred years ago as there was four hundred years ago. In Europe the sixteenth century was a great period of war, and since that time there has been a slight though appreciable decline in the number of years devoted to belligerency, but it does no more than about offset the growth from the eleventh to the sixteenth century; and when we consider the magnitude of recent wars there does not seem to be much satisfaction, from the historical evidence, that wars are on the wane.

In connection with the Department of Government at Harvard University I directed Mr. Baltzly, who was then the "Adams Woods Fellowship" graduate student, under the supervision of Professors Hart and Merriman, to make a complete list of all the periods of war and peace in the histories of the chief countries of Europe as far back into the past as possible. This was published in 1915 under the title, *Is War Diminishing?* (Houghton, Mifflin). I had supposed that there would be evidence that war was diminishing at least in frequency, but this did not appear to be the case. Some critics, especially among the pacifists, did not interpret the facts as I do. Perhaps they are right. I sincerely hope so, but I must say that as far as the evidence from European history is concerned, if war is diminishing, it is not diminishing much. For England and France the second of the four hundred year periods

is just the same as the first or earlier of the four hundred year periods, — fifty per cent in each case, — half peace and half war.

The reader may say, why bother about the past? The past is an index to the future because what we call "human nature" is nothing but man's hereditary predisposition to act in a specific way under the stimulus of similar circumstances. These similar circumstances keep recurring. The continuity of human nature and the extremely slow changes that can be induced through natural processes make history repeat itself, if not in detail, at least in its broad aspects. The central fact to bear in mind is the dominance of heredity, because of which it becomes extremely difficult, or well-nigh impossible, to effect any sudden change in man through changing his environment. The human brain is probably the most difficult of animal tissues to change from its normal functioning. Elsewhere I have advanced and attempted to prove the hypothesis of "diminishing environmental influence", — that is, that the higher we go in the scale of life the less we can modify any tissue, organ, or living being by outside (environmental) influences. If this "law" is true, and it has been generally accepted by other biologists, then obviously the records of the past must help us to understand the present and to some extent to foresee the future.

We need to-day a far more extended and genuinely scientific, and consequently impartial, analysis of that portion of the human record commonly called history. True inductive science is always quantitative and based on measurements. In a book published in 1915, bearing the perhaps unfortunate, — certainly in this country unpopular, — title, *The Influence of Monarchs*, I attempted to prove that such a science (historiometry) is possible even from the often conflicting historical records as they exist to-day.

Take for instance this problem, the causation of war. We need first to know when the periods of war occurred, but we need second to know what wars were great and what wars were small. It is perfectly possible to classify the various European conflicts into three classes, big, little, and medium, by an appeal merely to the spoken opinions of a number of experts. I have already started such a list through personal consultation with a number of my friends who are professionally engaged in the study or teaching of history and I find no serious obstacle to this research.

One fact has made itself clear, — a fact that will doubtless be of encouragement to those working for world peace and for democracy, — that autocrats and especially great autocrats are, more often than they should be on the laws of chance, associated with periods of war and especially with great wars. Presumably these tyrants are in part to blame though they may be the result as well as the cause.

There are nearly always at work in any nation, whether at peace or at war, certain constant forces tending in the direction of autocracy, caste formation, and an aristocratic differentiation, a pyramiding of the social structure, a "conification", or pointing upward, making the upper classes fewer in percentage to the total and at the same time more removed and aloof. This aristogenesis is biological in its origin and cannot be prevented. It depends on the gigantic force of heredity and upon the fact that in marriage like tends to mate with like. I predicted the generalization of this phenomenon from theoretical grounds in 1915 and have since found it actually true in England during the nineteenth century and in New England during the last three centuries.

The forces working towards democracy may be going on all the time, but these counter forces appear to be even stronger, and, since autocracies are especially associated with warfare, here is still another complication that makes it difficult to think of the abolition of war.

These narrowly pointed social cones are like glass or fragile porcelain at the top. They easily break if roughly handled. The disturbance may be within the cone itself, an actual dying out of the aristocratic element, as is supposed to have been the case in ancient Greece and Rome, or of revolutionary origin as in France at the time of the Commune or in Russia in 1917. The pointed apex may also be demolished by failure in war, as if the structure were struck by another object firmer, or more massive, than itself. This is what took place in Germany at the close of the Great World War.

After such levelings of the social or national cone there sometimes take place periods of anarchy, communism, or bolshevism, but history shows that the dark and turbulent eras do not by any means always follow as a natural sequence. For instance no such lawlessness and economic upset took place in Germany or Austria

as was recently the case in Russia. Misery enough there was, and is still, but the mass of the people have tried to live their lives along conservative lines in reasonable accordance with public welfare and the natural demands of the economic interchange of the necessities of life.

The facts of European history during the last six or eight centuries illustrate very clearly the racial element in the production of anarchy. In England, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Germany there have never been any periods of anarchy lasting for more than a few weeks. In New England there was one period of anarchy (the Boston Police Strike). It lasted a few hours. The "aristocracy" joined hands like a flash and took control for law and order. It would seem that all the Nordic peoples have an instinctive horror of anything other than well organized government. Wat Tyler's Rebellion and Jack Cade's Rebellion amounted to nought. The Chartist movement in England, like Coxey's army in the United States, took it all out in movement. Shay's Rebellion was nipped in the bud. The Vigilantes soon established their own grim rule, while the picturesque bandits hung from the trees. We in the United States have nothing to fear from internal upheaval as long as the stock remains the same or as long as the Nordic element remains in a reasonably pure condition and in a substantial percentage of the whole population. But this is not a discussion of the immigration problem.

The reason for bringing in a description of social cones is that it is necessary to think of nations in three dimensions, not in two. Our maps of the world are very inadequate and misleading. They show us France, Germany, England, Russia, the United States, always on plane surfaces with two dimensions. Hence we are unconsciously led to think that the people moving about on these surfaces or dwelling on these surfaces are all alike or all on an equal level.

We should in reading history, when looking at the maps, try to build in our minds solid structures, pyramids or cones, high, low, or medium, according to the democratic or aristocratic state of society at the time. This will help us to understand many historical happenings. It will help us to understand one of the causes of wars. Also how nations rise to power through conification, if carried to a certain extent, but not too far.

A savage people is never highly conified. The king is but a little superior to his people either in wealth, power, or personal ability. With the accumulation of property of a more or less permanent kind, such as grain, sheep, cattle, land, and so forth, there takes place the handing on of riches to the next generation. Men of wealth, success, and ability bring their children to marry one another. They have now something to leave to the coming generations. They become particular on the point of knowing who their children are. Marriage and legitimacy of descent are demanded. Genealogies are preserved. Biological heredity is at work as usual, therefore by a process of selection (almost artificial selection, as among domestic animals) a caste is formed of individuals endowed with an excess of precisely those qualities that their ancestors have exhibited during their own lives, namely ambition and the love of power, wealth, and leadership, glory and family pride.

These forces may culminate in autocracy. When they do we have a national structure very well adapted for belligerency, and very prone to fight. But, as we all know, wars are not by any means confined to "Junker" nations, and history shows that the more democratic communities have carried on a great many wars though not quite so many as the highly conified groups.

Some writers who are devoted to economic studies and to the economic interpretation of history are disposed to find in economic strain the chief cause of war. It may be true that most periods of war have an economic or commercial origin. But so do most periods of peace. Self-seeking groups cause war, and self-seeking groups still continue to function during long periods of peace. Economic pressure and the food supply problems are always with us. Therefore, being constant and continuous, it does not get at the heart of the problem to explain the war periods by a factor that is always more or less with us.

Let us suppose, for instance, that by some miraculous discovery food and clothing could be produced at will. Would there not still be left plenty of reasons for war? Rich men do not cease to seek more riches and more power simply because they have enough to eat. Knowing as we now do that all these matters of human behavior are dependent on inherited and persistent instincts, we can well enough understand why the power-seeking instinct of the

rich compels them to keep on working for themselves and their families, and also why there is always preserved in every geographically separate group of mankind an instinct of human though ancient origin that can best be called a war-willing instinct. People are not anxious to go to war, but they are willing. And this war-willing instinct is likely to remain for many generations to come.

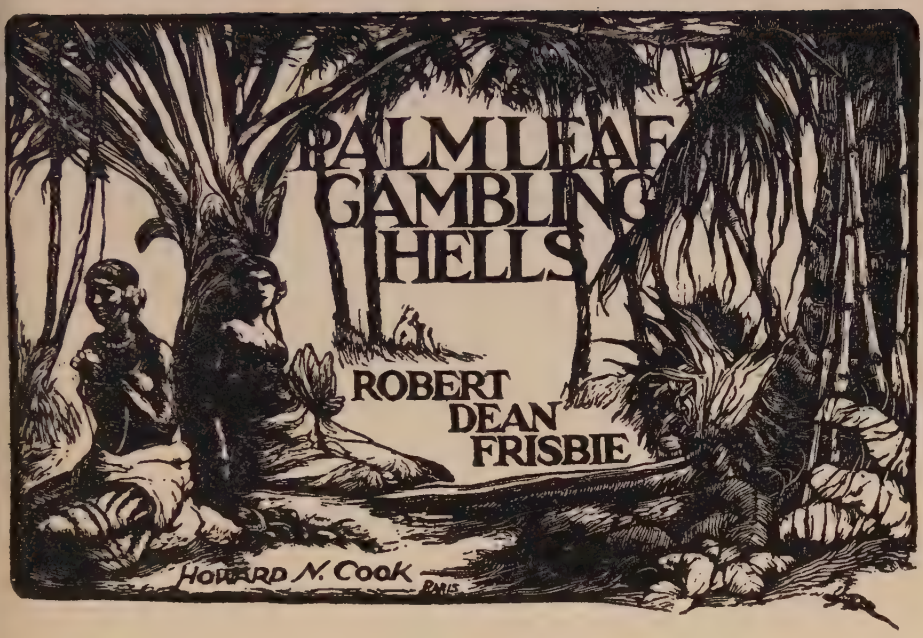
Emphasis should be placed on the word geographical. Wars are essentially geographical or topographical in the alignment of the participants. It is the tribe over the other side of the mountain that naturally we fear, hate, and fight. Racial differences and racial hatreds are as nothing compared to geographical alignments. To make this clear, consider for a moment by way of illustration the lesson taught by the seven million inhabitants of the city of New York. Here are all races of the world living together and getting on together very well indeed. The races are somewhat segregated into neighborhoods, but the neighborhoods are scattered. It is scarcely likely that the different races will start in to make war against each other. But let us suppose that all the land on the earth's surface sank out of existence except New York City and Chicago and the strip of land between the two. Even if there were plenty of land left to support everyone in comfort, it is just as certain as anything can be that Chicago and New York would begin to quarrel and to hate each other and to fight.

All sections of the United States are held together in harmony as a single organic aggregate, and there is no tendency for one section to make war on any other section. But that does not mean that the same peaceful condition would continue if the United States were the only nation in the world. The United States is a great living entity. All living things have been evolved side by side with their enemies, have always had enemies, and as far as we can see perhaps need enemies to maintain their existence. The United States like all other geographical groups is held together as a single nation because of powerfully potential enemies lying outside of itself. The number of people living peacefully under one League of Nations can consequently be conceived of as growing and growing and growing but only up to a natural limit, beyond which it cannot grow, and that limit is determined as soon as

there is no external enemy equal in power to itself. In other words, half the earth may be under one League of Nations but not the whole of it. And not much more than half, for after that the outward enemy is no longer threatening enough to prevent the natural splitting within the great aggregate, dependent on the fact that the selfish interests of one section are sure to be different from those of another. It is conceivable to have a whole earth united, but only if we are attacked by the inhabitants of Mars.

It is a curious fact that always during periods of peace it is very difficult to believe that civilized human beings should be willing to engage in the horrors of "brutal" warfare. That is because the war-willing instinct is a separate emotion from the peace-willing instinct. All emotions are soon forgotten. It is very easy for good visualizers to remember pictures and for people with good auditory memories to recall sounds. But few of us have such apparatus for recalling former bodily experiences or states of bodily feeling, particularly unpleasant ones. That is the reason why in summer we never expect again to feel the cold, and in winter we never dread the heat of summer. War is to a certain extent like sea-sickness, horrible while it lasts, but in a little while on shore we are over it and it is soon forgotten; and furthermore, when ashore we do not believe that we will ever be sea-sick again. After every great war most men are pacifists.

A nation at war and a nation at peace are two very different entities, but they are equally normal and, so far as history teaches us, equally usual. Man's instinct for war is no greater than his instinct for peace, and were it possible to eliminate all of the economic and other external causes of war, war itself could then probably be eliminated. But obviously these external causes cannot be eliminated in a fell swoop. Who is to do the eliminating? And by what practical agency is such a complex program to be carried out? During the process man's normal hereditary reactions to stimuli continue operative, inducing him, upon occasion, to fight. For these reasons war may be abolished in time, but not for a great many generations, and peace-wishing though we may be, let us not close our eyes to the facts or ignore the enormous difficulties in our path. In the meantime we must "fear God and take our own part". As time goes on the world is bound to be governed by those best able to govern it. Shall it be ourselves?



IF you meditate making your fortune in the South Seas, first learn to play a good hand at poker, for the gambling inclination has long been a power there, surpassed only by prayer and possibly the exotic hula-hula. The hoary cannibal, who formerly meditated on the destruction of a missionary for culinary purposes, now burns shark oil the tropic night through, as he muses on the intricacies of the jack pot.

The islander has a natural instinct for gambling. The ages when he had to support and protect himself with cunning have bequeathed a shrewdness which is apparent to-day when he enters into games of skill, chance, or capacity, — the latter as shall be seen.

Poker and Prayer on Lonely Atolls

The natives of the Paumotu, or Dangerous Archipelago, are probably the cleverest gamblers in the world. Poker and prayer are their principal amusements, while diving for mother-of-pearl shell and copra making constitute their industries. Pleasure and work are interdependent in the Paumotu, for prayer precedes the gathering of cocoanuts and diving for shell as well as the

poker games, while the shell and cocoanuts are used as mediums for betting.

Often when the men are out diving or gathering nuts on the far side of the lagoon, the sisters and daughters, wives and grandmothers will assemble in some commodious cook house and gamble away the products of their male relatives' past day's labor. One may often see a half dozen gray-haired grandmothers squatting in a thatched house, silently playing poker, while their daughters and granddaughters watch for the village policeman and guard the sacks of shell and nuts.

These games might be called the cocoanut ante, for one cocoanut is usually the preliminary bet, and as a cocoanut in the Paumotu is worth about one cent the game might be compared with our penny ante, though it is a much more serious affair. Four cocoanuts are considered as equal in value to one mother-of-pearl shell. So the second, or opening bid, may be two or three cocoanuts, a shell, or one shell and one or two cocoanuts. If the player has a very good hand she may open the pot for as much as two shells. Some kind-faced old grandmother, after squinting over her cards and discovering she has three of a kind, may raise the bid to two shells and three cocoanuts. Then perhaps it will go round, they will draw, and the real play begins.

So it goes.

Little is said during the game, though a mother with a pair of twins on her knee and a pair of aces in her hand may mumble a prayer between bids to the effect that the widow across the cook house has not three of a kind; while the widow, who is about to bid three shells and a string of cocoanuts on a straight, prays fervently that the mother has no full house, or "fulo" as the Paumotuans term it.

An adept at reading poker faces would have to learn his art over again on the low atolls. What would you do, for instance, if an ancient crone suddenly broke the silence, shouting, "*Aue! Aue!*" tucked her cards under her grass skirt, and straightway bet a sack of cocoanuts? Possibly you would throw down on the assumption that the good lady was cheating with four aces under her grass skirt that she was duplicating for a worthless hand. If, however, you had confidence in the lady's integrity, you would hardly know whether she was bluffing or not. But then if a

youngish, sad-faced individual took a lock of hair out of her mouth that she had been chewing and lisped, "I'll raise you two sacks and six shells to boot," and the whole crowd became excited, raised one another's bets, screamed, and praised the virtue of their hands, what would you do? It would stump the best Texas sheriff and make him abandon the game for tiddle-de-winks when he saw the pot taken with a pair of queens.

When the Paumotuans bluff they do so with a spirit!

English Gambler Sits In

I knew a young Englishman who imagined he was a gambling man. He loved to tell how his grandfather lost a fortune betting on a race between two flies down a window pane. By one of the accidents of fate the Englishman was marooned for a few months on the islet of Hikureru. One day he noticed some old women playing poker. Smiling blandly, and probably for the moment forgetting his grandfather's mishap, he decided just to get into the game and quietly clean up the island's natural resources. He bought a sack of cocoanuts and started in. He was no quitter, that must be admitted, for when a trading schooner arrived a few months later, the Captain, being a generous man and remembering his youth, gave the young gambler a free passage to Papeete.

Husbands' Attitude Toward Gambling

The fathers and husbands neither sanction nor prohibit gambling, but woe to the ones who lose! When a native returns with his sack of shell or canoe-load of cocoanuts he repairs immediately to the palmleaf gambling hell. Grasping his relative by the hair he drags her into the village street, raises his club aloft, and cries: "So, vixen, you have been gambling again while I support you by the sweat of my brow. I'll teach you to squander the family wallet," or words to that effect.

If the sinning one can answer, "Yes, husband, but I have won you a hundred fine husked cocoanuts, which we will trade to Captain Billo for a nice red necktie for you," then all is well. But if she hangs her head and murmurs something about Mrs. Teriihoaterai holding four aces against her full house, then he proceeds to wallop her, much to the amusement of the villagers.

Praying Before Playing in Paumotu

Original Woodcut by Howard N. Cook

A Meditative Gambler of Puka-Puka

Original Woodcut by Howard N. Cook

Penrhyn's Ancient Crap Shooters

Some years ago a young native belonging to the village of Tautua, on Penrhyn Island, worked his passage to San Francisco on a passing tramp. While there he learned many of the white man's vices, including crap shooting. In the course of time he returned to Tautua and straightway taught his countrymen how to roll the bones. Thereupon the ancient men of the island rose from their lethargy and entered into the spirit of the game with a vengeance. As Penrhyn is one of the world's pearl fisheries, those gems were used as the medium for betting along with the cocoanuts and shell.

All day long the old men, gathered in the shady places among the groves, rolled the bones, while the younger set looked on, making side bets on their favorite players. Priceless pearls changed hands. One shrewd old native by the name of Uiui is said to have won several tons of first class pearl shell and accumulated the island's finest pearls. After a few months the future of the pearl fishery was in danger. No one had been diving for five months, and when the semi-annual schooner sailed to Tautua there was not a pound of copra or shell for her, no copra having been made, and the shell being reserved for crap shooting. That was the first time a schooner had failed to get a cargo at Tautua.

The resident agent of Penrhyn took the matter in hand and visited the Tautuans. He found the old and qualified experts shooting a slow and studied game on a big coral slab by the outer reef, while the remainder of the population watched in hushed and breathless silence. The resident agent, being a wise man, did not try to stop their playing at once, for the Penrhyn islanders are still a savage set of people and might fight for their right to roll the bones. So he passed an ordinance prohibiting crap shooting before 4 P.M. on week-days, but allowing them to shoot all day Sunday. He probably smiled at the time, thinking of the pleasant time the missionary would have getting his flock together on the following Sunday.

Capacity Gamblers of Puka-Puka

The Puka-Pukans are probably the most primitive and witless of the South Sea Islanders. Their atoll is very near the equator between Samoa and Tahiti. They have so few marketable prod-

ucts that schooners seldom consider it worth while visiting them, — but even the Puka-Pukans are gamblers. They do not understand the jack pot poker of the Paumotuans nor the studied crap shooting of the Penrhyn islanders; but they have a game of their own which reminds one of rural festivities at home, or the "Hot Dog Contest" at Coney Island.

There are three villages on Puka-Puka, and the competitive feeling is strong between them. On a given day the villagers pick their champions, having an eye for height and girth rather than skill. Fat sea birds are roasted in great numbers, and the three champions, well starved beforehand, start in on them, bones and all, while the concourse of savages bet wildly on the result, right to the point where the last champion rolls over with a bloated groan and is carried off the field.

Fish Gambling in Maupiti

Games of fortune take varied form among the islands of the South Seas, and probably the most singular of all is the fish gambling of Maupiti. I will recount a case I personally witnessed when in Maupiti a year and a half ago. I was sitting by the beach watching a native preparing to go fishing. He was just pushing his canoe into the lagoon when an old woman, evidently greatly excited, hobbled toward him. She waved her hands wildly, signifying he should wait, and when she reached him cried breathlessly: "I'll bet a hundred cocoanuts you don't catch a Jew fish!"

For a moment the fisherman paused dramatically. Then he answered: "Fair enough, and I'll raise you a hundred and bet I catch three!"

The old lady was game. She raised him a thousand without a twitch of the eyebrow, whereupon the fisherman calmly topped her, betting his house and youngest son against her next year's harvest. This went on for several minutes while a crowd gathered round, and then the gambling started in earnest. The fisherman's friends and relatives wagered wildly that he would catch his three; while other of the villagers, listening to the old lady, who swore she had a "hunch", betted on her side. Soon most of the island's real and portable property was in the scales, and the chief was called to witness the bets. This attended to, the fisherman pushed his canoe into the lagoon, and midst shouts of advice

and encouragement from his supporters, paddled to a coral mushroom near the reef and started his memorable Jew fishing.

At first he had no luck. Every known variety bit but Jew fish. But after an hour or so he caught one, waved it aloft, and listened exultantly to the cheers of the population gathered on the beach.

Night came, and morning, and the next night, but no more Jew fish. It became a question of whether he would live long enough. The spectators started wagering on whether he would stick it out until he died. Bets were running eight to one that he would not.

On the second morning the fisherman feebly waved another Jew fish, — but only one. It was a hot day, and many looked for

The Jew Fish Gambler of Maipiti

Original Woodcut by Howard N. Cook

him to collapse before night. They bet on it. The excitement was intense!

The third morning saw the last of it. The whole village was down on the beach all night betting on whether he would live until morning. When the dawn broke they saw him collapsed in his canoe. Some wagered he was dead, but when he was brought to shore it was found that he could be saved.

In the canoe were two Jew fish, and in the water, still on the hook, was a third!

There was fierce controversy that day concerning who won

the bet. Some claimed to hook a fish constitutes his catching so long as he does not free himself. The other faction deposed loudly that a fish is not caught until he is landed. It was evidently a fine point of law. Several of the young men came to blows over it, and by night the situation was so serious that the chief took the case in his hands and recalled the bets.

Hundreds write about the trade wind sighing among the palm fronds, and a soft brown damsel gazing wistfully seaward as she dreams of a white husband, — husbands would be better, — who sailed away on the great steamer. These writers are mistaken. It is not the wind sighing in the palm fronds, but a cannibal up the tree who is sighing over his losses. Nor is the brown damsel thinking of her departed husbands. She is pondering on the advisability of using a little sleight-of-hand in the evening poker game.

Don't fool yourself about the South Seas. Come prepared with a carton of marked decks and all the revisions to Hoyle in your suitcase, or some dreamy-eyed maid will lead you to a palmleaf gambling hell, will fake the cut, deal off the bottom, fingernail the pack, show four kings to your four queens, and you will depart a ruined man.

So it goes.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE

E. E. Free

WE know that there has been life on earth for more than a billion years. How it began is still a mystery. One thing which helped to start it was probably the deadly poison, prussic acid. When the earth was new, the only rain that fell on it was a rain of molten iron. In that iron-drenched atmosphere began the series of chemical reactions which the author traces in this article and which led, he believes, to the origin of life. Perhaps the clues now provided will help chemists to solve the ancient problem of creating life.

ONE of the most surprising failures of modern chemistry has been its failure to create life. Living matter consists of the same chemical elements as everything else in the world. It has been analyzed many times. Yet the chemists have not been able to duplicate it. All life comes from previous life. We cannot create it anew. The beginnings of it all are lost in the dim, mysterious past of the earth.

This past, however, grows yearly less mysterious. Astronomers and geologists continue to explore it more and more successfully. And some of the newest facts which they have won provide, it now appears, new light on the mysteries of life. We can formulate new theories of life origin. We can see new clues to why the chemists have failed so completely to reproduce creation.

These new theories begin with the origin of the earth itself. They end in the surprising conclusion that the two substances most intimately associated with the beginnings of life are almost the last two which you would imagine as fitted for this creative rôle. One of them is the deadly poison, prussic acid. The other is the equally deadly gas, carbon monoxide, the gas which exists in the exhaust of automobile engines and which kills people who stay in closed garages while the engine is running.

A third substance probably involved in the creation of life on earth was water. Among these three, water, prussic acid, and carbon monoxide gas, there occurred some billions of years ago that remarkable chemical reaction which began the course of evolution and which culminated, at last, in the mind of man, the marvelous instrument which now begins to recover and to understand it all.

All present-day life consists, you remember, of the material called protoplasm. If you examine under a microscope any fragment of living matter, such as a meat fibre or a bit of a leaf, you

will find it composed of separate, roundish grains like tiny sacks. Those are the living cells. Inside each cell is the whitish, translucent jelly of the protoplasm. Bacteria and other very simple creatures consist of but one cell each. More complicated creatures, like men, consist of many cells built up together to form the organs of the body. All living cells seem to be a good deal alike. All of them contain protoplasm, and this appears to be much the same in all kinds of creatures. The problem of the origin of life is really the problem of the origin of protoplasm.

By means of the fossils in the rocks of the earth the history of this protoplasm can be traced back quite a long way but not far enough to reach its origin. In almost the deepest (and therefore the most ancient) rocks which we know there are traces of tiny living creatures apparently a good deal like certain kinds that live to-day. Some of these resemble the modern bacteria which we call "germs". Others are like the tiny one-celled plants which occasionally make green scums on the surface of the water in stagnant ponds. These are the most ancient creatures which we know about with any assurance. Estimates of the age of the rocks in which they are found indicate that they were living about 1,400,000,000 years ago. At that time they were probably the highest forms of life on earth.

This time is so vast that it is difficult to realize. Suppose you drew a line from New York to Chicago to represent the whole fourteen hundred million years. On this scale the time since Julius Caesar would be represented by just five feet, about the distance you would move if you took two steps from one end of the line.

Within this fourteen hundred million years represented by the full line has occurred all the long drama of developing life: the origin of the many-legged and hard-shelled sea creatures of the ancient ocean, the evolution of the first fish, the later adventure of those fish-like creatures who came out on land and began to people it, the astonishing Age of Reptiles when vast creatures bulkier than modern locomotives stalked the earth and fought each other in the swamps and deserts of the time.

But this is not all of the story of life. Still earlier than these simple one-celled creatures which we find fossilized in the ancient rocks there seems to have been life on earth. In the few known

rocks which belong still deeper in the earth's crust, and are still more ancient, we find no actual fossils, but we do find carbon in the form of graphite, and iron in the form of iron ore. There is reason to believe, on chemical grounds, that neither the graphite nor the iron ore could have been formed except by the aid of living creatures, creatures not unlike those which have actually been found in somewhat later rocks. Geologists believe, therefore, that terrestrial life began some millions of years before we find any fossils to represent it. The minimum date is probably about one and one-half billion years.

These dates, by the way, are not merely guessed at. There exists a clock by which they have been measured, probably with considerable accuracy. This clock is the radioactive element named uranium. Uranium is one of the elements of the famous radium group. All these elements slowly decompose, giving out relatively great amounts of energy in the form of "rays" and becoming converted meanwhile into other elements. The final stage of the process is the familiar metal lead.

The rates of these radioactive disintegrations are known. Accordingly, if one determines chemically the amount of uranium now present in a specimen of some radioactive mineral and determines also the amount of uranium-produced lead present in the same mineral, it is possible to calculate the time which has elapsed since that mineral was formed. Calculations like these, made on uranium minerals found in the earliest known rocks, have led to the estimates just quoted for the age of the earliest forms of life.

Mere dates do not greatly help us, of course, to determine the *manner* of life's beginning. Although the earliest creatures evidenced by the rocks are very simple ones it is apparent that there must have been a long history of development still farther back. We must bridge a considerable gap, both in structure and in chemical behavior, between non-living matter and those earliest and simplest forms of protoplasm.

To bridge this gap, even in theory, has proved so difficult that a few scientific men have resorted to what is really a mystical explanation. They assume that life involves some mysterious "vital force" entirely different from other physical forces and presumably undiscoverable by human experiments.

This, I submit, is a lazy man's view. It saves thinking by the simple expedient of removing the troublesome problem to the realm of the unthinkable. The same remark applies to the theory, propounded a few years ago by the distinguished Swedish physicist, Svante Arhennius, that life was created somewhere else in the universe and drifted across space to our earth in the form of fine particles of dust. This merely carries the problem of life origin off to some distant world which we know nothing about. Again we are conveniently relieved of the necessity of thinking about it at all.

To those who happen to like these mental anodynes they are, no doubt, satisfying enough. But the majority of scientific men do not like them. We prefer to believe that the phenomena of life are like everything else in the world in that they obey the established laws of chemistry and physics. If we have failed to duplicate life, — as we unquestionably have, — it is not because life is mysteriously and undiscoverably different, but merely because we have not yet found exactly the right combination of chemicals and circumstances to make creation a possibility.

This is just where the new knowledge provided by the astronomers and geologists comes to our aid. To see how this happens we must begin at the other end of our story and consider the origin of the earth.

Until the last two years two theories of earth origin have been current among scientific men. One was the famous Nebular Hypothesis of Laplace. The other was the more recent Planetesmal Hypothesis of Chamberlin and Moulton. It is unnecessary to pay much attention to these two hypotheses, for both of them have proved to be wrong, or, at least, to be incomplete. The theory of earth origin now generally accepted is due largely to the distinguished British physicist Doctor J. H. Jeans, formerly a professor in our own Princeton University. This theory is so essential to the suggestions of life origin which we are considering that it must be outlined with some completeness.

According to Doctor Jeans the earth began in a cosmic misfortune of our sun. This happened between eight and ten billion years ago. At that time the sun was a giant star, much larger than it is now, probably cooler, and consisting of gaseous matter much less dense than the solar substance is at present. The outer bound-

ary of this vast gaseous globe may have extended as far as the present orbit of the earth.

There are still many such giant gaseous stars among the heavenly bodies. The famous Betelgeuse is one of them. Arcturus is another. Still a third is the remarkable variable star called Mira, recently measured at the Mount Wilson Observatory.

The giant sun of those days had no planets. It was merely a single star, like millions of others. But one day the misfortune arrived. Another vast star, flying along through space, chanced to come too near our sun. The gravitational attraction, tremendous between two such vast and massive bodies, played havoc with the gaseous matter of the sun. Some of this matter was actually pulled out of the sun in a long rod or filament, reaching out toward the passing star.

Gradually the star moved on. Some of the matter pulled out of the sun fell back into it. Another part of this matter probably went off forever into space, perhaps by itself, perhaps accompanying the star which had done the damage. Still a third portion of the extracted matter began to revolve around the sun in more or less circular orbits. This matter condensed presently to form the earth and the other planets.

We know fairly well the chemical composition of the material which was pulled out of the sun to become the substance of our solar family. Also we know that it was hot and gaseous. We even know, indeed, about how hot it was. It was approximately 7000 degrees, Fahrenheit; much hotter than the hottest furnaces which we possess on earth but far cooler than the matter of some of the greater, white-hot stars.

Knowing this chemical composition and temperature, we can calculate with reasonable assurance many of the circumstances and changes in this newly-born gas bubble which was to become, some billions of years later, the laboratory for the creation of life.

In the first stage of its history the earth bubble was gaseous throughout. Its chief constituent was gaseous iron, this metal evaporating, just as water does, when the temperature is above some 4500 degrees, Fahrenheit. Mixed with this gaseous iron were the vapors of aluminum, calcium, and the other rock-forming elements, just as gaseous oxygen, nitrogen, carbon dioxide, and so on, are mixed together in the present atmosphere of the earth.

Slowly the globe of hot, metallic gases cooled on its outer surface. Presently the outermost layer of iron vapor condensed to droplets of molten iron. Under the influence of gravity these droplets fell toward the centre of the globe. Thus began the second stage of earth history, the period of the Rain of Iron.

At first it is probable that these rain-drops of molten iron were evaporated immediately by the heat of the interior, just as desert travelers see to-day the rain-drops from clouds high up in the air evaporate in the hotter air close to the ground, producing no actual rain at all. But gradually the interior of the gas bubble cooled off also. Soon there accumulated at its centre a ball of molten iron. Thus originated the iron core which scientists believe, on the ground of much diverse evidence, still fills the central third or so of the earth.

But the hot gases of the primitive earth contained many other elements beside iron. As the gases cooled some of these other elements began to condense also. At a temperature of about 3000 degrees, Fahrenheit, slightly above that of a modern blast furnace, the chemical elements that make up rocks began to fall as rain in place of the earlier rain of iron. The liquid lava thus produced was less dense than molten iron. It floated on the surface of the ball of liquid iron previously accumulated at the earth's centre. Thus arrived the third stage of earth history, that of the Ocean of Lava.

Cooling continued. There were changes in the chemical composition of the falling rain of lava. The more condensable elements were exhausted from the atmosphere; those less easily condensable began to liquify in their turn. These were added to the rain of molten rock and to the substance of the sluggish lava sea, which formed the surface of the growing ball. Finally all the rock-forming elements were condensed out of the atmosphere, leaving only the permanent gases together with a few rather volatile elements such as sulphur and phosphorus. At the same time the surface of the lava ocean began to cool and to crust over in spots, much as ice crusts form in bitter weather on the surface of a wind-tossed lake. Unlike ice, these lava crusts would sink.

Finally the sunken lava crusts filled up the molten ocean. Liquid lava gave way to solid rock. There arrived the fourth stage of earth history, that of the Waterless Crust.

At this point the cooling of the earth altered entirely in character. Heat passes through solid rock only very slowly. So soon as the upper layer of the earth was solid and continuous the heat from the central core could no longer get out and pass off into space. It was as though the earth were swathed in asbestos. Indeed, it is probable that most of the original heat of the core is in it yet. The centre of the earth is probably almost as hot as when it first condensed in the period of the Rain of Iron.

Nevertheless, in spite of this bottling up of its internal heat, the earth did not cool off at once to its present temperature. The reason lay in the sun. The sun, remember, was still a giant star. It gave off vastly more heat than at present. This heat was sufficient, we can calculate, to keep the earth at a temperature of some 1400 or 1500 degrees, Fahrenheit, far above the boiling point of water.

But life could not begin until there was liquid water. There could be no liquid water until the earth's surface had cooled below 212 degrees. There ensued, therefore, a long period of waiting while the sun cooled and contracted in size. As this happened the earth's surface gradually cooled too, always in correspondence with the heat received from the sun. Finally it reached the critical temperature of 212 degrees. Pools of boiling water began to accumulate in the deeper depressions of the crust.

Now, at last, it was possible for the chemistry of life to begin. We enter the present stage of earth history, the stage of the Watery Ocean. There will be one more stage in the future, the stage of World-wide Ice.

The first ocean and the air above it were of very different compositions from the ocean and air of the present time. It is possible to determine, with considerable probability, what some of these differences were. But to do this we must return to some things which happened in earlier stages of the story, while the earth was still a bubble of white hot gas.

One of the effects of heat on matter is to break up chemical compounds. If you expose some water, for example, to a hot enough fire the water will be broken up into its constituent elements, hydrogen and oxygen. In the primeval earth-bubble, therefore, there were no chemical compounds. All the chemical elements existed separately; gases of iron and carbon and aluminum and all the rest.

But as the earth bubble grew somewhat cooler certain chemical compounds became possible. The first of them was probably the oxide of titanium, but as this is of no known importance to the story of life we need not consider it. What we do need to consider are the next two compounds to be formed. These were carbon monoxide gas and either prussic acid itself or the closely related and interconvertible compound which chemists call cyanogen.

These are the compounds which always form when a hot mixture of the three gaseous elements, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, is allowed to cool slowly. These three gases were present, together with the other elements, in the primeval gas bubble. As the gases cooled the two compounds, prussic acid and carbon monoxide, had to form. It was inevitable.

At a little later stage of the cooling another chemical reaction occurred. Hydrogen gas and oxygen gas combined to form water; or rather to form steam, for the earth was still far too hot for any liquid water to exist.

Meanwhile successive combinations with the condensing iron and other metallic elements and with the hot, liquid rock removed from the primitive atmosphere all of the oxygen gas which had not been used up already in the formation of carbon monoxide gas or of water.

We can now calculate what was the composition of the air and of the ocean when, in the course of time, the earth became cool enough to hold a watery ocean at all. The air contained no gaseous oxygen as it does now. All the oxygen had gone into chemical combinations. Whether the air contained any gaseous nitrogen is uncertain. What it unquestionably did contain were carbon monoxide gas and prussic acid gas.

But prussic acid gas is quite soluble in water. Accordingly the primitive ocean must have absorbed considerable amounts of this material. The water would dissolve, also, a small amount of the carbon monoxide gas. Salt and other substances may have been present too, as they are in the ocean to-day. In this ocean, full of the deadly prussic acid and overlaid by an atmosphere containing large amounts of a poisonous gas no less deadly, the first life arose.

We can even perceive a probable path by which this life may have arisen. By the destructive treatment of protoplasm, as, for example, with caustic chemicals, it is possible to break it up into

certain simpler chemical substances a number of which belong to a group called amino acids. These amino acids are comparatively simple compounds of four elements: oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen. The simplest of them all is named glycocoll.

Now it is at least a curious coincidence that this very compound, glycocoll, may be produced, and has been produced in chemical laboratories, by a succession of chemical reactions between just these three substances which we have seen must have been present in the primeval ocean: prussic acid, carbon monoxide, and water.

It is probable that this is far more than a coincidence. We are now at the very border of our present knowledge and one cannot be too positive, but it is reasonable to assume that in that ancient ocean, saturated with two of the most violent poisons known to man, there occurred some natural chemical synthesis of glycocoll or of a similar material.

This would not give life. But it would be a first step toward it. Astronomic calculations indicate that the date of this ancient, prussic acid ocean was probably about five billion years ago. During the three or four billion years which were to elapse before the period when we find actual traces of life in the rocks there was ample time for such simple substances as glycocoll to undergo additional chemical changes and combinations and to be built up up into more complicated forms, perhaps at last into substances equivalent to our modern protoplasm. Although the individual steps cannot yet be traced it is probable that by some such path as this the first germs of life arose on earth.

New ways are open, then, for attack on the problem of artificial life. We must not try these creative experiments in air, for the air of our modern laboratories contains gaseous oxygen and no oxygen was present in those long ago days when the first life was being formed. We must work, on the other hand, with solutions of carbon monoxide and of prussic acid in water. We must see just what will happen when these solutions are exposed to conditions as similar as possible to the conditions of the ancient ocean.

Will some chemist create life in this way? Perhaps. Certainly many chemists will try.

OCTOBER SMOKE

THE children all along the street
Are burning leaves;
Their shouts are intertwined as fire
Curling in sheaves.

In ruddy shadows they run, they laugh,
They rake the flames;
Their elders breathe the acrid dusk
And cry their names:

"O, Jean! come now, it's getting late!"
Far off one calls,
"Bil-*lee! Bil*-lee!" They straggle in,
And evening falls.

—*Berenice K. Van Slyke*

Autumn

From a Woodcut by Julius J. Lankes

THE ESSENCE OF ART

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

THE editor of the "Adelphi" points out that Tolstoy's conception of art, — communication of feeling as opposed to thought, as universally appreciable, and to be judged good or bad by the morality of Christianity, — is false in each particular. Art is neither thought nor feeling, but a subtle combination of the two. Though accessible to all men, all men do not accede to it; and finally post-Renaissance Art, itself, has communicated a higher life-conception than the morality of either orthodox or Tolstoyan Christianity.

THE recent republication of Tolstoy's *What Is Art?* has been the occasion of a more serious critical discussion of that remarkable book than it has received before. Yet it has not been apparent that the more serious discussion has brought us any nearer to settling the fundamental question which it raises; the impression is rather that now, for the first time, it has been realized that the question is fundamental. Previously the correct attitude was to laugh at Tolstoy for a barbarian; now there seems to be an uneasy feeling that something more cogent is necessary. The old-fashioned appeal, still made in circles where nothing is learned and nothing forgotten, to that mysterious aesthetic sense which is the privilege of one in a hundred thousand begins to tinkle a little forlornly, like the bells on a *démodé* buffoon, who made his faded reputation by replying to this question of "What is Art?" — *Je ne sais quoi, mais je sais ce que tu ne sais point qu'est-ce que c'est ce je ne sais quoi.* It was a good joke, in the good old days.

As well try to derail an express train by putting a half-penny on the line as counter Tolstoy's attack with such forlorn impertinences. That Tolstoy's attack is wrong, we all feel. But how to counter it is another matter. To declare that art is a *je ne sais quoi* is a dangerous weapon against a giant who can reinforce his *mais, je sais, moi* by dropping *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace* upon our diminished heads. We need less flimsy defenses.

It is not easy to summarize Tolstoy's position with fidelity. He is not always consistent with himself, and his inconsistencies are not always negligible. In one place he declares that "the function of art lies just in this: to make that understood and felt which in the form of an argument might be incomprehensible and inaccessible;" in another that "an artist's work cannot be interpreted.

Had it been possible to explain in words what he wished to convey, the artist would have expressed himself in words. He expressed it by his art, only because the feeling he experienced could not be otherwise transmitted." The positions are obviously irreconcilable; and we must be content with assuming, from the main trend of his argument, that the latter was more truly his own position.

Indeed, his fundamental proposition is that art consists in the communication of feelings as opposed to thoughts. This absolute dichotomy underlies the whole of his argument. From it he concludes that the best art is that which communicates the best feelings. The judgment which are the best feelings depends upon the religious perception of the age; those are the best feelings which most approximate to the feelings inculcated by the common religion. Since this attitude may appear strange and almost barbarian, it may be worth recalling that it is the Greek attitude. Plato and Aristotle, — as Tolstoy himself was perfectly aware, — both insisted on the finality of the moral judgment in deciding the question what is good and what is bad art. Tolstoy emphatically reasserts their position. There are, he says, two acts of judgment: the first, whether a work is a work of art or not, is decided by the judgment whether the work does in fact communicate feelings; the second, whether it is good or bad art, is decided by the judgment whether the feelings communicated are good or bad. This judgment depends on the religious perception shared by society.

From this brief outline it will be obvious that to call such an aesthetic provincial is itself provincial; it is both traditional and formidable; in a word, it is precisely classical. And this quality in it is ignored partly because it is taken at second-hand, and partly because it is forgotten that Classicism is a principle more profound than the Palladianism of the eighteenth century.

The principle of the autonomy of art, in whose name the Tolstoyan aesthetic is rejected as barbarian, is a wholly romantic conception. Again, Tolstoy is perfectly aware of the situation. He says that the modern principle that artistic beauty is an end in itself, sovereign in its own right, only arose at the Renaissance with the decay of a common religious perception. There was no longer a generally accepted tribunal to which the judgment,

whether the feelings communicated by a work of art were bad or good, could be referred. The fact that feelings were communicated, irrespective of what the feelings were, alone decided the goodness or badness of a work of art.

But, in fact, — and here Tolstoy makes an important advance, — the common religious perception, although ignored by the privileged classes, does still exist. The moral law of Christianity is recognized by the greater part of Western humanity. The Renaissance, which meant to the privileged few the abrogation of a common religion, meant to the many the purification of that religion from accretions and perversions. The many do know, by virtue of their active Christianity, what are good feelings and what are bad. And their judgment, that the feelings communicated by the most of modern art* are bad, is final.

It is important to be clear as to the indictment which Tolstoy brings against modern art. He does not deny that works of art are produced, though he is scornful of the inability of the educated public to distinguish between a true work of art, which does communicate feelings, and a false one, which does not communicate anything. But he declares that the further and necessary distinction among the works of art, — which are good and which are bad, — is not made at all. The very necessity of making the distinction has been forgotten. A particular example of his attitude appears in his essay on Maupassant. All Maupassant's works are true works of art, they communicate feelings. But a few are very good, some a mixture of good and bad, and others wholly bad, judged by the morality of true Christianity.

It is essential (Tolstoy continues) to a true religion that its perceptions and moral feelings are capable of being shared by all. A good work of true art will therefore be universally appreciated, — or at any rate appreciated by all those whose religious and moral perceptions are not atrophied. The demand for an educated taste as a preliminary condition of appreciation is unnecessary and irrelevant, for by hypothesis the work of art communicates feelings, and man's emotional nature is independent of education. "Art is differentiated from activity of the understanding by the fact that it acts on people independently of their state of devel-

* "Modern Art", in Tolstoy's argument, means post-Renaissance Art. I have used the epithet in that sense.

opment and education, that the charm of a picture, of sounds, or of forms infects any man, whatever the plane of development." Therefore, the question what are good and what are bad works of art resolves into the question: who in modern society have their religious perceptions still unobscured, and their capacity for absolute moral judgment uncontaminated, for they are the final court of appeal. To this Tolstoy answers unhesitatingly: The simple minded, the peasant.

That is, I believe, a fair statement of Tolstoy's argument. There are two weak, or at least doubtful, links in the chain. Is it true, or is it wholly true, that art consists in the communication of feelings in Tolstoy's sense of the word "feelings", a sense in which they are utterly distinct from thoughts? Secondly, is it true, or is it wholly true, that the highest religious perception which exists in modern society is the Christian perception? Some may consider that Tolstoy's contention that the judgment whether a work of true art is good or bad must be made, and must be a moral judgment is also wrong. I do not; and moreover I regard it as indubitable that this necessary moral judgment must, as Tolstoy contends, be based on a religious conception.

The problem, — to take the second doubtful link first, — is to determine where the religious conception is to be sought and found at the present time. Or, to translate into historical terms, was the religious significance of the Renaissance really contained, as Tolstoy asserts, in the Reformation; or was it something outside the Reformation? Tolstoy decides the question simply. At the Renaissance, he maintains, the educated classes abandoned Christianity for atheism, while the simpler folk restored and purified it. But it is not so simple. The finest minds at and after the Renaissance, once the first flush of rebellion was over, were not atheistical. They had bidden a long farewell to dogmatism and formalism: Church-Christianity, as Tolstoy calls it, was no longer for them the embodiment of "the highest life-conception" of which they were capable. They embarked on the search for a higher one. It is strange that Tolstoy, the artist, should not have recognized the nature of the effort and the achievement of the greatest post-Renaissance artists, for they fully satisfy the conditions which, he said, "must be fulfilled to enable a man to produce a real work of art."

> "It is necessary that he should stand on the level of the highest life-conception of his time, that he should experience feeling and have the desire and capacity to transmit it, and that he should moreover have a talent for some one of the forms of art."

But Tolstoy, who was apparently insensible to the nature of Shakespeare's achievement, could not see (or would not admit) that the greatest post-Renaissance artists had stood head and shoulders above "the level of the highest life-conception of their time". To account for Tolstoy's blindness in this respect would take us far: we should need to search for its causes deep in his elemental nature.

Art was to Tolstoy a faithful representation of life, which ceased to have meaning when life ceased to have meaning. For some inscrutable reason the realization of the fact of death, which came late to him, was never overcome; he could not accept it. He turned to Christianity in its most paradoxical form as an escape from the inevitability of death; it was a gamble which henceforward continually allured him, but which he never really risked until that famous "Going-out" a few days before his own death.

This immense, the overwhelming fact of death was precisely the one with which Shakespeare was preëminently concerned; and Shakespeare overcame it. That, I think, could be shown, though not of course by logical demonstration; it must suffice here to declare a conviction that the author of *Lear*, of *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *The Tempest* had achieved by successive stages a victory over death, in the sense that he had reasserted, rediscovered in the depths of his own being, without recourse to any revealed religion, the meaning of life which had been destroyed for him momentarily, as for Tolstoy permanently, by the realization of death. The great difference between these great men is that Shakespeare fought out the desperate battle in his art. To his growing despairs and his painfully won triumphs he compelled his art to be adequate: and thereby he expanded the very fabric of art. Tolstoy, on the other hand, definitely and finally abandoned art at the clutch of despair. He was like a Shakespeare who should have written *Hamlet* and thrown in his hand. It was not surprising that his most flagrant critical injustice should have been done towards Shakespeare; nor can one help suspecting

that behind the insensibility to Shakespeare which he so freely displayed lay concealed something more radical: a profound and perhaps unconscious resentment against one who had achieved a victory where he himself had confessed and even proclaimed defeat.

Tolstoy denied that the artist, who should elect to remain an artist, could achieve a higher life-conception than that contained in Christianity. There are many life-conceptions contained in Christianity, and perhaps it would be true to say that one of them, the most essential, — the one held by the founder of the Christian religion, — cannot be and has not been surpassed. But, in the first place, that life-conception was not the life-conception of Tolstoy's own version of Christianity: his Christianity was shaped according to the pattern of his own secret despair, — a religion of asceticism and abnegation. And, secondly, the revelation of the great artist is not of the same kind as the revelation of the great prophet. It may be akin and complementary to it, but it is not the same. The artist and the prophet, in their highest forms, do share that "belief in an integral unity" which Baudelaire declared to be the necessary condition of a sound art; but the artist does not assert it, he reveals it in his representation of particulars.

The claim that post-Renaissance art should be judged good or bad by reference to the life-conception inculcated by Christianity is invalidated if it can be met by the counter-claim that not Christianity (Church or Tolstoyan) but post-Renaissance art itself contains and communicates the highest life-conception of which Western humanity has so far proved itself capable. And that is precisely the claim which I make.

In these man faces, without the adventitious aid of revealed religion, the "burden of the mystery"; and the feelings which they communicate are not, as Tolstoy asserts, mere feelings of pleasure at beauty (the "aesthetic emotions" of modern theory), but feelings of a different and higher order. It would be a derogation, or at least a falsification of these feelings to call them specifically "religious"; but it would be worse to deny the truth that they are allied to the "religious" emotion. These feelings are hard, if not impossible, to define; but certainly they have never been better *described* than by Keats in his famous deduction from

the effect produced upon him by *Lear*. "The excellence of every art is its intensity, capable of making all disagreeables evaporate from their being in close relationship with Beauty and Truth. Examine *King Lear* and you will find this exemplified throughout." This mysterious identity of Beauty and Truth in the representation of life, and the equally mysterious power of seeing and then revealing that they are identical, are the real basis of the principal of the autonomy of art; by virtue of attaining this power the artist moves beyond the province of the moral and religious judgment, — *if* he can attain it. For then he has fulfilled his final purpose, of revealing what the most exalted religion can only assert: that there is a meaning in life. And we, to whom he communicates his knowledge and his revelation, are no mere blind accepters of an oracle; we

> "*. . . take upon us the mystery of things*
> *As if we were God's spies.*"

Thus Tolstoy's claim that the feelings communicated by modern art must be judged good or bad by reference to the feelings inculcated by Christianity, because Christianity contains the highest life-conception of which man is capable, falls to the ground because modern art, in its highest forms, itself contains the highest life-conception of which man is at present capable. If criticism would resolutely insist on a hierarchy of artistic achievement, and show reason for the order it established, it would quickly be evident that art is indeed autonomous, furnished with both the right and the power to judge its own unworthy members, and able to protect by a sort of benefit of clergy its less exalted forms against the presumptions of the moral judgment. For it could fairly be claimed for the art of literature, at least, that in its elementary acts of perception, — the seizing of a true and revealing metaphor, for example, — it is, however unconsciously, prophetic of a belief in that "integral unity" which at its highest it consciously perceives and deliberately reveals. "Every true metaphor," said Baudelaire, "is drawn from the inexhaustible riches of the analogy of the universe."

But it is evident that these feelings, — above all the supreme feelings of the identity of Beauty and Truth in the particularity

of the world, — which modern art does at its highest communicate, are not feelings which "infect" every man "independently of his state of development or education". Never to have felt "the burden of the mystery" at least is to be, as it were, disqualified from responding to such feelings, or recognizing that they have been expressed. And from this we see the falsity of Tolstoy's main dilemma.

Art *is* accessible to all men. That all men do not accede to it does not affect the fact of its universal accessibility. Certainly, if the feelings communicated by art were mere feelings, as Tolstoy believed or desired to believe, we should expect all men, irrespective of their development, to be affected by them. But they are not thus affected: and the conclusion is not that "the art which we call art is not the real thing", but that the feelings communicated by art are not simply feelings. They partake of the nature of feelings, they partake of the nature of thoughts; yet they are neither the one nor the other. What are they?

About this vital point Tolstoy gropes. "The function of art," he says, "lies just in this: to make that understood and felt which in the form of an argument would be incomprehensible and inaccessible. Usually it seems to the recipient of a truly artistic impression that he knew the thing before but had been unable to express it." The second sentence is a true description of the "artistic impression", the first a manifestly false conclusion from it. Take a simple example:

> *"We must endure*
> *Our going hence, even as our coming hither:*
> *Ripeness is all."*

These limpid lines achieve and reveal an identity of truth and beauty. Try to express what they say in the language of discourse; with your utmost efforts you will not avoid translating them into a declaration of Stoic indifferentism. What they actually convey is something totally different, — a sense of acceptance of human destiny. They may be said to contain a thought; but not what they contain, but what they are, is of importance. They are of another nature than any *thought*.

Yet it would be true to say that it seems to the reader of those lines "that he knew the thing before, but had been unable to

express it." This is indeed a mark of "the truly artistic impression." And Tolstoy is in this description remarkably at one with Keats in the first of his famous axioms on poetry.

> "First: I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess and not by singularity; it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance."

From this singular characteristic of the true artistic impression Tolstoy makes two chief deductions. Both are false. One, that art supplies a comprehensible equivalent of what would be incomprehensible as an argument, he himself, as we have seen, elsewhere disowns. Another, that art should be comprehensible to any man, whatever his level of development, depends on the assumption that art is an affair of mere emotion. That is manifestly wrong. The lines from *Lear*, which have been used as an example, do not communicate a mere feeling any more than they convey a mere thought. What they communicate is something of a third kind, in which feeling and thought are inextricably blended.

By thus falsifying the peculiar and unique nature of the true artistic impression, and simplifying it to a mere emotion, Tolstoy was enabled to deduce what he desired to deduce in order to justify his own despair of art. Here the contrast between Tolstoy and Keats is in the highest degree illuminating: for Keats, who, as we have seen, agreed with Tolstoy in describing "the true artistic impression", was also preoccupied with this question of the "naturalness" of art. Witness his second and third axioms:

> "Second: The touches of beauty should never be half-way, thereby making the reader breathless instead of content. The rise, the progress, the setting of Imagery should, like the sun, come natural to him, shine over him, and set soberly, although in magnificence, leaving him in the luxury of twilight. But it is easier to think what poetry should be than to write it. And this leads me to
>
> Another axiom: That if poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all."

Underlying all these *aperçus* of Keats is some conception or intuition of the "naturalness" of poetry. Poetry comes naturally to the reader, its own internal progress is natural, and it comes from the poet himself as naturally as the leaves to a tree. But, unlike Tolstoy, Keats insists that what comes naturally to the

reader is not what comes easy to him; it is "his own highest thoughts". Moreover, what comes naturally from the poet is not what comes easy from him. "It is easier to think what poetry should be than to write it."

Visibly Keats and Tolstoy have parted company. The difference between Keats's conception and the Rousseau-Tolstoy conception is vast. For Rousseau and for Tolstoy man becomes natural by becoming a barbarian. For Keats he becomes natural by advancing in some simple and mysterious way. What is this way of progress?

Keats's fundamental positions may be called intuitive, but they have commanded the assent of subsequent generations. In the second *Hyperion*, the last of his long poems, in which he concentrated all his agonized speculations on the worth and destiny of the poet, he asserted his position unequivocally.

> *"Who alive can say,*
> *'Thou art no poet, mayst not tell thy dreams?'*
> *Since every man whose soul is not a clod*
> *Hath visions and would speak, if he had loved*
> *And been well-nurtured in his mother tongue. . . ."*

It remained from first to last central to all Keats's thinking on the poetic nature (which is the deepest of any known to the writer) that the poetic condition is attainable by all men, — at a price. The price is that which he hints at in the strange lines above, which can only be interpreted in terms of his own biography. The soul of the man who would attain to the poetic condition must not be a clod; and he must have loved.

What Keats meant by love will be known to those familiar with his letters to Fanny Brawne: it was a complete self-surrender. What he meant by the soul he had tried to explain some months before, at the moment when the agony of his love took hold of him, in a letter to his brother (April, 1819). His conception of the soul, as might be expected, is exceedingly pertinent to his conception of the poetic condition as one attainable by all men. The soul is for Keats something which exists only potentially in man. In the natural man the division is twofold, — into Heart, which he defines as "the seat of the human passions", and Mind. All direct sensational contact with the world of experience is

made by the Heart; the true function of the Mind is to make this directly apprehended experience conscious. A man becomes natural by refusing to allow his Mind to become dominant and self-sufficient. If he can keep his Mind loyal to the experience of his Heart, then somehow the Soul is created. For a man to possess his Soul is to possess his Self, in the deepest sense of the word, and, mysteriously, at the moment of this Soul-possession, he sees the necessity and the beauty of the process by which he has come to achieve it. "Do you not see?" cries Keats to his brother in the middle of this letter on the world as a Vale of Soul-making, "how necessary a world of pains and troubles is to school an Intelligence and make it a Soul?"

Much could be written, and much in vain, on this strange letter of Keats. No mere analytical acumen will extract sustenance, or perhaps even a meaning, from it. It is obviously the record of a profound personal experience, an attempted statement of a process of self-creation which Keats had undergone. Therefore an intellectual criticism of it is condemned to futility. But its relevance to his conception of the poetic condition as *natural* to man is striking. It is, in Keats's belief, natural to man that he should come to possess his soul; but this natural process is the very reverse of easy: it is, on the contrary, the hardest thing in the world, for it depends on the success of the heroic effort to keep the consciousness loyal to the unconsciousness. Out of this condition, if he can achieve it, the poet speaks; and the reader responds to his utterance as to a wording of his own highest thoughts, because he feels that the condition which underlies the poet's utterance is premonitory of a condition to which he himself may attain. This condition is at once a condition of being and a condition of knowing. Only by having achieved his soul can the poet see the necessity and the beauty of the process by which he attained it. Keats's letter is indeed a fuller enunciation of Baudelaire's disconcerting (and therefore neglected) proposition: "*La première condition pour faire un art sain est la croyance à l'unité intégrale.*"

The relevance of Keats's transcendental conception of the self-created soul (which, it must be emphasized, is not a speculation, but an attempted statement of an actual experience) to the problem what are the strange "thought-feelings" communicated

by a supreme work of literary art, is not far to seek. Here is a condition of being, natural to man in the sense that its attainment is the final end of a natural effort to harmonize the discrepant elements of heart and mind, — a condition of being in which thought and feeling are united to form a third and distinct faculty of perception. And what is perceived by this self-created faculty is that "integral unity" of which Baudelaire spoke. "Do you not see that a world of pains and trouble is necessary to school an intelligence and make it a soul?" That is one, and perhaps the highest object of the new faculty. Not "Do you not understand?" not "Do you not feel?" but "Do you not *see?*" But the true expression of this condition is not argument but art. Keats moved a great step nearer to it in the sonnet which he wrote immediately after his letter:

> "*How fevered is the man who cannot look*
> *Upon his mortal days with temperate blood!*
> *Who vexes all the leaves of his life's book*
> *And robs his fair name of its maidenhood. . . .*"

And he advanced another and a still greater stride, in the days immediately following, when he found in the Grecian urn the perfect symbol of that identity of Beauty and Truth he had struggled to discern, and by the searching sincerity of his effort, created the faculty to discern it.

> "*Thou still unravished bride of quietness,*
> *Thou foster-child of silence and slow time. . . .*"

THE SENATE RUMPUS

ALMOST immediately upon assuming office General Charles Gates Dawes, Vice-President of the United States, sent the Senate into an uproar and precipitated a nation-wide debate, which, after the lapse of five months, is still going forward.

The Vice-President fearlessly attacked the rules of the august body over which he was to preside. He proposed drastic changes. He called for cloture.

His stand has met with approval, it has been reasonably criticized, it has been mercilessly flayed. Opposition is particularly strong in the Senate itself.

Through Donald Wilhelm, who contributes an Introduction to the debate, THE FORUM *received from the Vice-President the complete written text of his several speeches on the subject. From these Mr. Wilhelm has made an authorized extract, which succinctly summarizes the Vice-President's point of view in his own words. It is followed by articles by Senator Pepper and by Senator Norris, in which each of these distinguished spokesmen take issue with the Vice-Presidential proposals.*

INTRODUCTION

REVISION of the Senate rules on cloture answers to a decided need if there be anything in that old dictum of lawyers, Where opposing minds agree, there the truth resideth! Mr. Dawes and Mr. Norris, in spite of their obvious differences are agreed that the problem is mainly one of ways and means. What Mr. Pepper says is profoundly to the point: it is a matter of interpretation of the intended, the direct, the inferential, place and function of the Senate itself. The startling array of figures presented by the Vice-President suggests that the Senate is neither the admirable deliberative body it used to be nor is it, in any firm or definitive sense, a body acting in restraint of the House. Like the House, it has become an addict to our national vice of prolific law-making. The telltale contrast between its present-day performance and its more dignified, more-to-be-admired prestige of yesteryear lies in its production figures! It now bears analogy to a factory beset with strife and outside pressures, obsessed with a huge quantity of work. This work, these pressures, both are the result of the requirements of a government that has become unaccountably huge and destructive

of the halcyon individual freedom which saved Americans from being a race of *passivists*.

Therefore, while duly paying respectful homage to the distinguished men and views presented here, the larger interest of many Americans would make less ado over cloture and much more ado over diminishment of the burdens and pressures on the Senate. That implies decentralization of activities and power, increase in the ever-growing revulsion against over-legislation, a swing of the pendulum back to the conditions which obtained when the Senate was easily the most esteemed legislative body in the world. Cloture would become less an issue when once we had done with a situation in which minorities, organized as securely as minorities now are organized, both politically and economically, could tantalize the majority.

The need of revision of the Senate rules is important only as a symptom. What we would urge is that Congress abstain for a while from its intemperate law-making and, with all of us behind it, get down to the business of restoring government-as-it-used-to-be.

— *Donald Wilhelm*

* * *

A Democrat Testifies for Mr. Dawes

U. S. Senator from Alabama, Oscar W. Underwood:

> I had served for twenty years in the House of Representatives. I had been the leader of that body; I was responsible for the legislative conduct of a great party; and I have gone to the conference table with Senate amendments on my bill, and convinced a conference, — the representatives of the Senate in conference, — that their amendments were wrong, and then they would calmly tell me they would not yield because Senator So-and-So would talk the bill to death if I did not accept his amendment. And with no great governmental issues at stake, I have been compelled to accept minor amendments to great bills. I will not say that these amendments were graft, but they were put there for the purpose of magnifying the importance of one man with his constituency, at the point of jeopardizing good legislation in America.

An Illustration in Point

Frank W. Mondell, then Republican leader of the House, writing in July, 1923:

> The entire appropriation and legislative program of the recent session of Congress was considered in the Senate under a flag of truce

in the intervals in which the managers of the Senate filibuster were pleased to make way for measures other than the Shipping Bill.

During this period the Senate passed on one occasion more than one hundred bills in about the same number of minutes. There wasn't time to read even the titles in full. Quite a number of these measures treated of matters of moment and involved heavy expenditures. Appropriation bills containing thousands of items were passed with the reading of only a few Senate amendments. Under the circumstances, this procedure could not be avoided; otherwise appropriation bills would have failed, and an extra session would have been inevitable. But the flag of truce was never utilized for the consideration of any measure to which there was serious objection *on the part of the minority:* and thus the filibuster directed against one measure operated to render impossible the proper consideration of all; and eventually prevented any action on a number of measures of importance in addition to the Shipping Bill.

* * *

AS MR. DAWES STATES THE CASE:

Authorized extract from recent speeches by the Vice-President

The Vice-President and His Pipe

THE purpose of a reform in the present Senate rules is not to deprive the minority of an opportunity to be fully heard upon every public question or to deprive them of any constitutional rights. The purpose is to take away from the minority the right to hold up the majority, which continually results in legislative trades and barters not in the interest of the public good. Threats to hold up the business of the Senate unless concessions are made in legislation in which individual Senators have a political interest have been openly and successfully made on the floor of the Senate itself. . . . But barters are made in large part secretly. . . .

For the first seventeen years of the existence of the United States Senate, filibustering and the holding up of the majority for legislative concessions by the minority was not possible. In the Senate, in 1806, because of the small amount of business they had to transact and the small number of Senators who transacted it, Rules VIII and IX of the Senate, providing for majority cloture, were dropped. It had only been used three times in the seventeen years and was regarded as unnecessary for the proper conduct of business. The reason for this was that the Senate then had only thirty-four Senators and the country contained less than 7,000,000 people. But the Senate now has ninety-six Senators, and the country a population of approximately 110,000,000. The reasons which made cloture in 1806 unessential to the proper conduct of business no longer exist, and the common sense of the American people tells them so. . . .

It is an absurdity to maintain that any essential right which it is claimed is now protected under the Senate rules cannot be protected unless there exists in connection with all legislative procedure this power of hold up. The whole theory of our Government is based upon the principle of the power of majorities to act, limited by the checks and balances of the Constitution, which protect the rights of the States and the inalienable rights of man under the old bill of rights, the establishment of which has ever marked the progress of civilization. . . . The people of this Nation believe in their Constitution, but they do not understand the justice of Senate rules under which at times one Senator exercises a power greater than the veto power granted by the Constitution to the President of the United States; under which at times one Senator can render the Senate impotent, and under which secret legislative barter is encouraged, which not only modifies the due course of legislative processes but legislation itself.

The power of filibustering and of debate without limit of time, made possible under the present defective rules of the Senate, has produced such continuous and such serious obstructions to legislation that since May 12, 1910, in sixty-six instances the majority and minority leaders of the two parties have been compelled to arrange for unanimous consent agreements to enable the consideration of important legislation. This means that they must go like suppliants to every individual member of the Senate

to get his consent that the majority shall act on important legislation and must consider the conditions in regard to other legislation which the individual Senator may desire to impose as the price of his agreement.

It was the great public resentment which was aroused by filibustering in the Sixty-third Congress, during 1914, in an effort of the minority to prevent legislation by the majority, which, in my judgment, led to the only serious consideration of reform in these rules that the Senate has given in recent years. In that Congress the River and Harbor Bill had been debated for thirty-two days; the Panama Canal Bill for thirty days; the Federal Trade Commission Bill for thirty days; the Clayton Amendments to the Sherman Act for twenty-one days, and the Conference Report on the Clayton Act for nine days. Accordingly, in the early days of the Sixty-fourth Congress, because of public sentiment aroused by the intolerable legislative situation in the Senate, a provision to close debate by a two-thirds vote was reported by the Senate Rules Committee and, during the special session of the Sixty-fifth Congress, in 1917, after a conference of the Republican and Democratic leaders, the present rule enabling a two-thirds majority to bring a matter to a vote was adopted.

But this change in the rules did not cure the evil. In that very Congress, with this rule in force, *six major appropriation bills were defeated by the filibuster*, to say nothing of eight other measures favored by the Administration. An extra session of Congress was called as a result.

Filibustering, or the use of it as a threat, proceeded in the usual course in the Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth Congresses, despite the alleged rule reform.

Chiefly because of the filibuster in the last eight Congresses, seven extra sessions have been held. A moment's thought here will convince any one of the lack of foundation for the claim that filibustering militates against multiplicity of laws. No one can justly claim that these seven extra sessions of Congress did not result in a large addition to the number of laws which would have been passed in the sixteen regular sessions as compared with the twenty-three sessions actually held. As a matter of fact during these extra sessions a total of 386 bills and ninety-eight public resolutions were enacted.

It stands to reason that a legislative body which at times must grant concessions to individual members, in order to secure the right to act as a whole, will pass more laws in proportion than a body not under that handicap.

But what are the facts?

In the last five Congresses the Senate bills and resolutions passed by the Senate, with ninety-six members, exceeded by 182 the House bills and resolutions passed by the House, with 435 members. The exact figures are 3113 for the Senate and 2931 for the House.

But more significant even than this, as evidence of the inevitable exactions of selfish human nature when given a chance, is the fact that the Senate passed these *3113 bills and resolutions out of a total of 29,332 introduced, while the House passed its smaller number of 2931 out of a total of 82,632 introduced.*

During the last five Congresses, therefore, the Senate passed ten and one-half per cent of the bills and resolutions introduced in the Senate while the House of Representatives passed only three and one-half per cent of the bills and resolutions introduced in the House. In other words, of bills and resolutions introduced, the Senate, without effective cloture, passed in proportion three times as many as did the House of Representatives, with cloture.

There have been vague claims made by the opponents of reform in the Senate rules, that the absence of effective cloture tended to prevent multiplicity of laws. *My contention is that the figures I have given establish the fact that the absence of effective cloture tends to increase the number of laws.*

As a result of the consuming of time which the Senate has for constructive legislation by efforts of the minority, through frivolous and unlimited oratory, to obstruct the responsible majority, it becomes necessary that there be occasional outbursts of speed by the Senate in passing bills on the calendar and jamming through appropriation bills. These outbursts of speed are a dangerous reaction from the cumulative inaction preceding them. Individual Senators have bills on the calendar in which they are interested, as well as items in appropriation bills. The forces of normal action are held in check by some obstruction until the reaction comes with a rush that does not make for due or wise

consideration. To pass bills in less time than it takes to read them, especially in the case of appropriation bills carrying hundreds of millions of dollars, after spending days on a revenue bill or a tariff bill, demonstrates the necessity of so amending the rules of the Senate as to bring about a proper application of time to the consideration of *all* its business. . . .

It is significant that the arguments which are advanced against improved cloture in the Senate come chiefly from those whose individual power, through ineffective cloture, is augmented at the expense of the constitutional right of the majority of the Senate to legislate. The reason that the Senate has done business for 119 years without effective cloture, almost alone among the deliberative bodies of the world, in my judgment, is not because it has been regarded as in the best interest of the nation, but because the power to correct this defective method of transacting business rests alone under the Constitution in the Senators whose individual power and prestige are enhanced by the opportunity to obstruct arbitrarily the due course of business by the Senate in accordance with the will of the majority. . . . No one has asked for a change in the rules which will prevent a minority from being fully heard on any question or to interfere with the right of free speech. No one is asking any extension of the constitutional rights of the majority of the Senate or of the people themselves. The demand is only that the minority, protected as it is by the checks and balances of the Constitution, shall not exercise veto rights over the will of a majority when that majority desires only to exercise the constitutional rights of legislation. . . .

To argue that no bill beaten by a filibuster was not condemned by ultimate public opinion is simply to beg the question by assuming that the only bill affected by a filibuster is the one under discussion and that personal judgment is conclusive as to what constitutes public opinion . . . while ignoring the truth that government policy must be based upon a general and not an exceptional and special case.

Simply, the issue presented to the American people is:

Shall the rules of the Senate be changed, without interfering with the right of a Senator to be fully heard on any subject, so as to prevent at times a minority of even one Senator from blocking the constitutional right of a majority of the Senate to legislate?

This issue at last is being debated before the American people. It should be debated, since it profoundly affects them and the nature of their Government.

MR. DAWES AND THE SENATE RULES

GEORGE WILLIAM NORRIS
United States Senator from Nebraska

MOST people would agree with Mr. Dawes that filibustering in the Senate should be abolished, but the trouble is that the remedy he suggests is worse than the evil he would eradicate. His proposition is to end the possibility of a filibuster by the adoption of a rule which would absolutely close debate. The closing of debate by an arbitrary rule would, in effect, likewise prohibit the offering of amendments, or, if amendments were offered, it would mean that they must be passed upon without any debate whatever.

This would put the Senate upon the same basis as to legislation that exists in the House of Representatives, where bills, sometimes containing hundreds and even thousands of paragraphs, are passed without the opportunity for discussion or analysis, and without opportunity to suggest amendments. Amendments very often come as a result of discussion and analysis, and hence the closing of debate means the passage of the bill without change and without any opportunity to suggest a change.

There is some excuse for a rule of this kind in the House, because of the large Membership of that body, and it is necessary for the Membership to a great extent to confer upon a smaller body or committee, like their Committee on Rules, the practical power to bring in a rule at any time that will close debate, end discussion, and prevent amendments. It is true this rule must be agreed to by a majority, but the majority is confronted with the proposition of either taking the bill as it is or of not taking it at all, and, therefore, to get what they want they must accept something that they do not want. The result is that the real analysis of proposed legislation in our National Congress takes place in the Senate. This is not because of any superior ability possessed by

Senators over Members of the House; the House Members are just as able, just as capable, and just as patriotic. But under a cloture rule, the final result is that a few so-called alleged leaders decide in the secrecy of Committee rooms just what the House shall consider and the way it shall consider it.

In the Senate, where unlimited debate prevails, it is possible for a complete analysis of any proposed legislation to take place, and the discussions that go on throughout the country, regarding pending legislation in Congress, nine times out of ten have reference to the legislation pending in the Senate rather than in the House. This is because cloture rule prevails in the House and does not in the Senate.

But filibusters are entirely confined to the Senate, and Mr. Dawes rails against the filibuster with a great deal of reason and justice. His remedy, however, would put us out of the frying pan into the fire. If his remedy prevailed, the legislation both in the House and the Senate would be practically controlled by men who could be numbered on the fingers of one hand, and the balance of the Membership would have to vote either aye or no to the various propositions submitted by their masters.

A filibuster is a desperate remedy, and there is a way to avoid it without adopting the cloture method proposed by Mr. Dawes. A filibuster can never be successfully waged unless the time for adjournment is definitely and irrevocably fixed. We therefore find filibusters taking place in the short session of Congress, when by constitutional limitation the Congress must adjourn at noon on the fourth day of March. If the time were unlimited, no filibuster would ever be attempted and would be a failure if it were attempted.

The Senate has twice passed an amendment to the Constitution providing for fixing the beginning of the terms of the President and Members of Congress early in January instead of on the fourth day of March. There would be no necessity, if this amendment were agreed to, for Congress to adjourn on the fourth day of March. There would be no session of an old Congress after an election has taken place selecting a new Congress. There would be no limitation on the adjournment and, hence, no possibility of a filibuster succeeding. The filibuster would disappear because there would be no ground upon which it could operate.

This amendment, as I have stated, has passed the Senate twice. It has gone to the House, where the cloture rule prevails and where it takes a special rule of the Committee on Rules to be sure of getting consideration for any bill. It has been reported each time from the House Committee to the House, but has died on the Calendar. It has been impossible to get it up in the House because the Committee on Rules, dominated by one or two men, has refused to permit it to be considered. It is known that if the House had been given an opportunity to consider it, it would have passed by practically a unanimous vote.

A few political bosses are opposed to such an amendment because under existing conditions, when the short session is about to close, a jam always takes place in legislative matters, and with the Calendars of the House and Senate clogged, when everybody knows that all of the bills cannot be considered, the party in power possesses a great advantage in determining what bills shall come up and which shall die a smothering death. It means likewise a clog with regard to conference reports. For the very reason that there is but a short time left, they must be given scant consideration and passed as they are reported, or they must die for the want of time to give them proper consideration. This means that legislation made in the secrecy of the Conference Room, where no record of votes or proceedings is had, is the real place where legislation takes place for more than one hundred million people, and the Members of the House and the Senate are impotent to remedy the situation because of the approaching fourth of March, when all legislation dies. Such a condition of things gives to the party machine in power almost a supreme advantage. It means half-baked legislation. It means jokers put in in conference, either intentionally or perhaps innocently, with the result that we have illy considered legislation and bad laws.

We must remember always that these filibusters in the short session take place after we have had a national election, when the country has perhaps expressed itself at the ballot box upon the leading issues of the campaign, but the men elected to carry out the wishes of the people will not (unless there is a special session called) be sworn into office for a year and one month after the election. In the meantime, the old Congress that may have been

repudiated at the election meets and holds a session of Congress from December until the fourth of March, passing laws after they have been voted out of office by the people. Such an illogical condition does not exist in any civilized nation in the world except our own. Such an indefensible method of legislation does not prevail in any State of the Union. It would not be tolerated in any of our States. It would not be tolerated in the Senate of the United States if the people could ever have an opportunity to vote on an amendment that would eliminate it, and the only reason they do not get this opportunity is because of the opposition of a very few machine politicians who happen to be in the place of power, put there by the necessity of a cloture rule such as Mr. Dawes would have the Senate adopt.

It must be remembered also that in these short sessions there are Senators who have been defeated by their people at home, who are still anxious, notwithstanding such defeat, to remain in public office and draw salaries at the expense of the taxpayers of the country. Such Senators, having been repudiated by their people, look to the man in the White House to give them jobs. They earn his favor by carrying out his commands in legislative matters in the Senate. We have had so many illustrations of this that it is not necessary to call attention to the names of the many Senators who are in this lame duck class. I do not mean to say that all Senators who are defeated are in this class, or that all Senators who are defeated will in the short session after their defeat take any action or vote contrary to their conscientious convictions, but everybody knows there are those who do, and in a comparatively close question, where the Executive is anxious to put some legislation through Congress, these lame duck Senators have the balance of power and sometimes, with other Senators who are just as anxious to please the Executive, are the means by which in the short session legislation repudiated by the people is put upon the Statute books. In some cases there is only one remedy, and that is the filibuster; and when such a condition exists, the filibuster is justified, desperate and illogical though it be.

This condition was well illustrated by the attempt on the part of the President, to force through Congress the Ship Subsidy Bill. We had had an election in November. The new Congress then

elected was known to be opposed to the passage of such a law. It would have been impossible to have passed such a law in the Senate prior to the election. It was known that the new Senate just elected, if it could have been sworn into office, would have absolutely defeated any such proposed legislation. But the President was anxious to have such a bill passed. A cloture rule in the House passed it through that body without very much discussion or debate. It was known that in the Senate it could not pass except by the votes of the so-called lame ducks. It was known likewise that the successors of these men had been elected by the people and that they were against such a law, although under our system they were helpless and could do nothing because they did not go into office in time, and the old Senate was still in session, enacting laws for the people. A majority of the Senate elect was opposed to the bill. A majority of the existing Senate in the preceding Congress would have been opposed to the bill. But by the dangling of fine executive appointments, the President was able to get enough of these men on his side to pass the bill, had a vote been reached. Those in the Senate opposed to the bill started a filibuster. If it had not been for the filibuster, the bill would have been enacted into law. If the rule that Mr. Dawes now advocates had been in force then, the Ship Subsidy Bill would have been placed upon the Statute books.

The merit of the bill has nothing whatever to do with the discussion. I admit that this bill had two sides to it, and that many men favored it conscientiously and believed it would be the proper kind of legislation to enact, but the people of the country were against it. They had so expressed themselves at the ballot box and had elected men to carry out their wishes, but under our constitutional provisions their voice could not be heard in protest; and by the use of patronage the President of the United States would have been able to force through the Senate legislation absolutely repudiated by the people had it not been for the institution of a filibuster.

If this proposed amendment were agreed to, then after we have had an election and a Congress convened in January, it would be the Congress that had been elected in the November election, a Congress fresh from the people, a Congress representing the ideas of the citizenship as expressed at the ballot box. No limitation of

a session would exist, and no filibuster would even be attempted. The Congress elected by the people would immediately go to work, and the men defeated at the polls would be out of office and incapable of legislating after the election.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Dawes is wasting his abilities upon a remedy that will bring more injury than good, and that he is not sufficiently familiar with conditions in the Senate to realize that the remedy he proposes is much worse than the disease. If he would bend his great energies and use his mighty influence toward the adoption of an amendment such as I have suggested, and which the Senate has passed on two occasions, he would accomplish all that he is trying to and secure the everlasting gratitude of the people.

A FIFTY-ONE PER CENT CLOTURE

GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER
United States Senator from Pennsylvania

THERE is much talk about amending the rules of the Senate in order to facilitate the dispatch of business, but as yet I see no concrete proposal for a change. Under the present rules, upon a motion for cloture filed by sixteen Senators, two-thirds of the senators present and voting have it in their power to bring the pending question to a vote after a limited period of debate. The idea is that sixteen Senators are not apt to scent a filibuster unless one is really at hand and that, if this be the case, the combined weight of two-thirds should be required effectively to squelch it.

An amended rule might reduce the requisite number to a bare majority. This would work little change in the case of treaties, because under the Constitution a two-thirds vote is required to ratify. If a pending treaty is known to have the support of a constitutional majority, its supporters are then numerous enough to force a vote under the existing rule. If the treaty is known to lack the requisite support, it can be laid aside and the debate thus stopped. If the sentiment of the Senate is in doubt and both sides are apprehensive, the Senators who are strongly for the treaty can

petition for cloture and thus hasten a test vote. The only case in which a fifty-one per cent cloture might accomplish ratification where a sixty-six per cent cloture would fail to do so, is the case in which some Senators are prepared to vote for ratification if a vote is taken but are not clear enough upon the merits of the treaty to be willing to force the issue to a vote. Whether a situation should be forced in which ratification will be accomplished by the votes of Senators who are in this state of mind seems to me to be at least doubtful.

Treaties aside, a fifty-one per cent cloture rule might be advocated in the case of executive nominations but I doubt whether it is needed in that field. A vote can always be had on a nomination; and if the vote is delayed the delay is nearly always due to a debate which serves to clear the air.

The issue really narrows itself down to the case of legislation and, in effect, to those few measures upon which the vote of the Senate will certainly be decisive, — either because the House has voted in their favor or is reasonably certain to do so. If the measure is supported by the majority party, the present rules permit the minority to use the weapon of the filibuster in such a way as often to substitute their negative will for the affirmative will of the responsible majority. This seems to me to be out of place in a body elected by popular vote. An illuminating article by Senator Moses in a recent number of "The Saturday Evening Post" shows that the extent of the evil has been greatly exaggerated. Indeed he is unwilling to concede that there is an evil. He doubts whether any amendment can be framed which will accomplish the purpose of its advocates. He also points out that if, under the rules as they stand, the presiding officer declares a filibustering Senator out of order, a bare majority may sustain the Chair on appeal. But, after all is said, it must be conceded that the Constitution of the United States does not contemplate the necessity of a two-thirds vote in the Senate to bring legislation into being. The Senate, by sanctioning unregulated debate and by requiring a two-thirds vote to limit it, has in effect so amended the Constitution as to make it possible for a thirty-three per cent minority to block legislation just as they may prevent treaty ratification. It is of doubtful soundness to argue that a filibuster may successfully be ruled out of order when under the rules it is

not. I am aware that the evil of the filibuster will be diminished if the short session is abolished under a proposed constitutional amendment. In the interval, however, I believe there is room for present improvement and I am hopeful, but not very hopeful, that my colleagues will unite in formulating and enacting an amended rule.

If the question involved were a mere change in the rules of the Senate, the change would not be so difficult to accomplish. But in that event the proposal to amend the rules would not excite anything like the popular interest which is being taken in the subject. What is really involved is a further change in the nature of the Senate. The first step was taken when the election of Senators was transferred from the legislatures to the people. The second step was the institution of the direct primary. When you rest the enormous power given to the Senate by the Constitution in men who are not required to go before the people for election, you quickly develop a senatorial consciousness which betrays itself in self-assertion. It was quite natural that the custom of unlimited debate should be developed under such conditions. By means of it a minority of Senators, and sometimes even a single Senator, could effectually remind colleagues and country that they or he were factors to be reckoned with. But when the people of the United States made up their mind that there had been too much self-assertion and that Senators thereafter should be of a different type, they created a condition of affairs in which unlimited debate and the filibuster seem strangely out of place. The people have determined to transform the Senate into a body in which the individual Senator counts for much less than in days gone by. Without analyzing the matter, they have an instinct that to change the rules is to take another step in the direction of their desires. But the spirit of the Old Senate dies hard. It animates many able men who hold that the transforming process has gone far enough, and they are determined that it shall go no farther. So battle is joined and nobody can predict the outcome. My own judgment is that a fifty-one per cent cloture in the case of legislative business is a thing to be desired in a body chosen by popular vote; but my guess is that this view will not commend itself to a sufficient number of my colleagues to make the change effective.

VISITORS

WALTER DE LA MARE

Crayon Drawings by Muriel Hannah

ONE of the very last things that Tom Nevis was to think about in this world was a sight he had seen when he was a child of about ten. Years and years were to pass by after that March morning; and at the last Tom was far away from home and England, in the heat and glare of the tropics. Yet this one far-away memory floated up into his imagination to rest there in its peace and strangeness as serenely as a planet shining in its silver above the snows of remote hills. It had just stayed on in the quiet depths of his mind, — like those small flies that may be seen imprisoned in lumps of amber, their wings still glistening ages after they were used in flitting from flower to flower or hovering in a sunbeam.

Most human beings have little experiences similar to Tom's. But they come more commonly to rather solitary people, — people who enjoy being alone, and who have day-dreams. If they occur at other times, they are not so noticeable then be-

cause perhaps one is talking or laughing or busy, working away at what has to be done, or even reading or thinking. And then they may pass unnoticed.

But Tom had always been one of these solitary ones. Even as a child he enjoyed being alone. He would sit on a gate or a stile for an hour at a time just staring idly into a field, following with his eyes the shadows of the clouds as they swept silently over its greenness, or the wandering wind, now here, now there, stooping upon the taller weeds and grasses. It was a pleasure to him merely even to watch a cow browsing her way among the buttercups, swinging the tuft of her tail, and occasionally rubbing her cinnamon-colored shoulder with her soft nose. It seemed to Tom at such times, — though he never actually put the feeling into words, — almost as if the world were only in his mind, almost as if it were the panorama of a dream.

So, too, Tom particularly enjoyed looking out of his window when the moon was shining. Not only in winter when there is snow on the ground, or rime or frost, but in May and summer too, the light the moon sheds in her quiet rests on the trees and the grass and the fields like a silver tissue. And she is forever changing: now a crescent, slenderly shining, — a loop of silver or copper wire in the western afterglow of sunset, — and now a mere ghost of herself, lingering in the blue of morning like a lantern burning long after the party is over which it was meant to make gay.

Tom was more likely to be left alone than most boys, owing to a fall he had had when he was three. He had a nurse then, named Alice Jenkins. One morning she had sat him up as usual, close to the nursery table and his bowl of bread and milk; and then she had turned round an instant at the sound of something heard at the window. And he, in that instant, to see perhaps what she was looking at, had jumped up in his chair, the bar had slipped out, and he had fallen sprawling on to the floor.

The fall had injured his left arm. And try as the doctors might, they had never been able to make it grow like his right arm. It was lean and shrunken and almost useless, and the fingers of the hand were drawn up a little so that it could be used only for simple, easy things. He was very little good at games in consequence, and didn't see much of other boys of his own age. Alice

had cried half the night after that miserable hour: but the two of them loved each other the more dearly for it ever afterwards. Even after she was married and kept a small greengrocer's shop in a neighboring town, Tom went to see her whenever he could, and munched her apples and pears and talked about everything under the sun.

This accident had happened so long ago that he had almost forgotten he had ever had the full use of his left arm. He grew as much accustomed to it hanging limply to his shoulder as one may become accustomed to having a crooked nose or a squint in one's eyes. And though he realized that it kept him out of things like climbing trees or playing such games as other boys could do with ease, though it had made a kind of scarecrow of him, it was simply because of this that he was left more to himself and his own devices than most boys. And though he never confessed it to himself, and certainly not to anybody else, he immensely enjoyed being in his own company. It was not a bit, — as it well might be, — like being in an empty house, but rather in an enchanted one, wherein you never knew what might not happen next, even though everything was still and quiet, — the sun at the windows, the faint shadows in the corridors, the water in the green fishpond, and the tangled branches in the orchard.

Tom, too, beside being for this reason rather odd in his body, — small for his age, with a narrow head, a narrow face, light gray-blue eyes, and a stiff shock of light hair standing up on his high head, — was also a little odd in mind. He was continually making up stories, even when there was no one to listen to them. For his black-eyebrowed elder sister very seldom had time to do so; and the nurse he had after Alice was married had not much patience with such things. But he almost as much enjoyed telling them to himself. And when his sister Emily died, he seemed to get into the habit of this kind of day-dreaming more than ever.

He had other queer little habits too. Whenever he went downstairs from his bedroom, — unless he was in a violent hurry or his father had called him, — he always sat down for a few moments on a narrow stair from which he looked out from a tall landing window over the garden. It seemed to him you could never tell what you might not see at such a moment; though as a matter of fact he never saw anything there unusual: just the

grass and the lawn and the currant-bushes and the monkey-puzzle; perhaps a cat walking gingerly on its errand, and the usual thrushes and blackbirds, tits and robins, and the light of the sun on the red brick wall.

Another habit of his was, whenever he passed it, to stoop down and peer through the keyhole of a cellar that spread out underneath the old Vicarage. He might just as well have looked up a chimney, for there was even less light to be seen through the keyhole. And nothing was stowed away in the cellar except a few old discarded pieces of furniture, some bottles of wine, empty hampers, an old broken rocking-horse, and such things as that. None the less, whenever he passed that door, Tom almost invariably stooped on his knees, puckered up one eye and peered through its keyhole with the other; and smelt the fusty smell.

He had many other little ways and habits as absurd as that, and he also made a rule of always doing certain things on certain days. He cared no more for washing in those early days than most boys, but he always had a "thorough good wash" on Fridays, even though it was "bath-night" on Saturdays. He went for certain walks on certain evenings, that is, evenings when it had been raining or maybe when some flower or tree was just out. And he always went to see his sister Emily's grave once a month.

She had died on the twelfth of April; and apart from her birthday, he always kept her month day, — all the twelfths throughout the year. If he could, and if he had time, he would take a bunch of flowers along with him, choosing those which Emily had liked the best or those he liked the best, or both together. The churchyard was not far away, as the crow flies, but it was yet another of his odd habits not to go there direct, — as if that might be too easy, — but to go round by a meadow path that was at least three-quarters of a mile further than the way by the village lane.

Except when he happened to be by himself at evenings just after the sun was set, Tom always felt more alone on these small journeys than at any other time. And for as long a time as he could spare he would sit on an old bench under the churchyard yew. At first he had been exceedingly wretched and miserable on these visits. The whole parsonage, his father and his sister and the maids, — it was just as if a kind of thick cold mist had come

over them all when Emily died. Everything that was familiar in the house had suddenly stood up strange and solitary, as if to remind them something was gone that would never come back again. And though none of the others, of course, really forgot what had happened, though he often actually noticed his father desisting from what he was just about to say simply because he could not bear the grief of mentioning Emily's name, as time went on things began to be much again as ever.

In the early days, Tom's black-haired elder sister, Esther, used to come with him to the churchyard now and then; but she soon had so many things to think about and to amuse herself with that there was very little time to spend with him. Besides, they agreed about nothing and spent most of the time arguing and wrangling. So for a good many months Tom had gone alone. He knew his own particular week-day walk to the church as well as he knew his own clothes or anything else in the world. He never set out on it without wishing he could see his sister Emily again, and he never came home again to the parsonage without thinking to himself that it was better perhaps he could *not* bring her back. For he was somehow sure, wherever her body might be, that she herself was perfectly happy, and, as it were, always to be young. Now and then, indeed, it seemed as if some wraith of herself had actually whispered this into his ear as he sat on his bench looking out across the tombstones, and sometimes wondering how long it would be before he was dead, too. But then Tom's day-dreaming came very near at times to being dreaming indeed.

That was another odd thing about Tom. He enjoyed thinking and puzzling over everything that came into his head, whereas most people will not allow disagreeable thoughts to stay in their minds. They drive them out like stray dogs or cats out of a garden, or wasps out of a sunny room. Tom thought of them, however, in the most practical way possible. He knew, for example, as much about grave-digging when he was ten as the old sexton could tell him at sixty. The thought of the bones beneath the turf did not frighten him. Surely, he thought to himself, nothing could be as ugly as all that if it were just the truth.

Not that he did not enjoy being alive in this world. He loved it beyond all words and had often talked to Alice about it, and to Emily too, sitting on a green bank in the sunshine or in the

hayfields, or by the banks of their secret pond in the woods. He loved also to brood on what might happen to him in the future; though he never had the faintest idea in those days that he was going to travel, that he was going to leave England when he was still a young man, for good and all, and never come back. He had no notion of that at all until there came a talk one afternoon in her husband's shop with his nurse Alice. After that he knew he had been born to be a traveler in spite of his arm and his rather meagre body. And what led up to the talk was what happened to him that March morning as he came back from his customary visit to the churchyard.

A faint but bleak east wind was blowing. Except for a light silvery ridge of cloud in the south, the sky was blue all over, and the sunlight was as bright as if a huge crystal reflector behind it were casting back its beams from the heavens upon the earth. A few daffodils were out in the fields, and the celandine with its shovel-shaped glossy leaves too; and the hedges were beginning to quicken, looking from a distance as if a faint green mist hung over them. The grass was already growing after its winter's rest, and the birds of the countryside were busy flying hither and thither and beginning to try over their spring songs. Instead of returning from the churchyard to the house by the way he had come, Tom had turned in through a wicket gate into a narrowish wood of birch and hazel, and so came out at the corner of a large meadow which lay over against the Old Farm.

There had been heavy rains during the previous week, and as Tom, — as absent-minded as ever, — came edging along the path of the meadow, he lifted his eyes and was astonished to see a great pool of water in the green hollow of the meadow beneath him, where none had lain before. Its waters were evidently of the rains that had fallen in the past few days. They stretched there gray and sparkling, glassing the sky and the budding trees which grew not far from their margin. And floating there upon this new wild water he saw two strange birds. Never had he seen their like before, though he guessed that they might be sea-birds. They were as white as snow and were disporting themselves gently in this chance pool, as if it were a haven or refuge or meeting-place which they had been seeking from the first moment they had come out of their shells.

Tom watched them, fixed motionless where he stood, afraid almost to blink lest he should disturb their happy play. But at last he took courage and gradually, inch by inch, he approached stealthily nearer until at last he could see their very eyes shining in their heads, and the marvelous snow of their wings and their coral beaks reflected in the shallow wind-rippled pool. They appeared to be companions of all time. They preened their feathers, uttering little faint cries as if of delight, as if they were telling secrets one to the other. And now and again they would desist from their preening and float there quietly together on the surface of the water in the silvery sunshine. And still Tom continued to gaze at them with such greedy eagerness it was a marvel this alone did not scare the wild creatures away. It seemed to Tom as if he had been looking at them for ages and ages under the huge shallow bowl of the March sky. He dreaded every instant they would raise their wings and fly away. That would be as if something had gone out of his own inmost self.

He was whispering, too, under his breath, as if to persuade them to remain there always, and let there be no change. Indeed they might be human creatures, they floated there on the water so naturally and happily in their devotion to one another's company. And it seemed once more to Tom as if the whole world

and his own small life had floated off into a dream, and that he had stood watching their movements and their beauty for as many centuries as the huge oak that towered above the Farm had stood with outflung boughs, bearing its flowers and its acorns from spring to spring and from autumn to autumn until winter laid it bare.

What was curious, too, the two strange birds seemed at last to have no fear of his being there, even though the bright shallow basin of rain on which they rested in the meadow was not more than eleven paces wide. They eyed him indeed with a curious sharp brightness, almost as if they wished to be sharing some secret with him, brought from the remote haunts from which they had that morning come; as if this was the end of their journey. The drops they flung with their bills over their snowy plumage gleamed like little balls of changing silver or crystal, though not brighter than their eyes. The red of their webbed feet showed vividly beneath the gray clear water. And the faint soft cries uttered in their throats, rather than with open bills, were not sweet or shrill as a nightingale or a linnet singing, but yet wonderfully gentle to listen to in their happiness.

And Tom's mind slipped once more into a profound day-dream as he stood there in his buttoned-up jacket, with his cap over his short springy hair in the light but bleak east wind that swept out of the clouds across the meadow and the roof and chimneys of the old red brick farm. He woke up in the middle of that night as suddenly almost as if a voice had called him, with the scene as sharp and fresh in his imagination as if he were looking at it again spread out in actuality in the morning light before his very eyes.

It was just like ridiculous Tom not to visit the meadow again for many days afterwards. Once or twice he actually set out in that direction, but turned off before the farmyard came into view. And when at last he did go back again, towards evening, the whole scene had changed. No longer was the wind from the east, but from the south. Lofty clouds towered up into the deep blue of the sky, like snow-topped mountains. The air was sweet with spring. The tight dark buds had burst in the hedges into their first pale-green leaf; thrushes were singing among the higher branches of the elms. But the pool of rain water had sunk out of

sight in its hollow, had been carried up by the wind and sun into the heavens, leaving only the greener and fresher grass behind it. The birds were flown.

One day in the following June, Tom went off to see his old nurse, Alice Hubbard. She had grown a good deal stouter after her marriage, and Tom sat with her in the little parlor behind the shop, looking out into the street across the bins of green peas and new potatoes, carrots, turnips, lettuces and mint, and cucumbers, the baskets of gooseberries and currants and strawberries and the last cherries. And while Alice was picking out for him a saucer-full of strawberries, he told her all about himself: what he had been doing and thinking, and about the new maid, and about the parsonage. And she would say, as she paused with finger and thumb over her basket, "Lor, Master Tom," or, "Did you ever, now, Master Tom!" or "There now, Master Tom!" And all of a sudden the memory of the pool of water and the two strange birds flitted back into his mind, and he fell silent. Alice put the saucer down before him with a little blue-and-white jug of cream, and she looked a little curiously into his narrow, rather ugly face.

"And what might you be thinking of now, I wonder?" she said.

An old woman in a black bonnet and shawl, who had been peering about at the fruit from the pavement close to the window outside, at this moment came into the shop, and Alice went out to serve her with what she wanted. Tom watched the two of them; watched the potatoes weighed and the sprig of mint thrown into the scale; watched a huge dapple-gray cart-horse go by, dragging its cartload of bricks, with its snuff-colored driver sitting on a sack on top. And then Alice had come back into the little parlor again, and he was telling her all about the birds in the pool.

"Lor now, that *was* queer, Master Tom," said Alice. "And where might you have been that morning?"

And Tom told her he had been to the churchyard.

"Now you know, my dear soul," she said in a hushed voice as if somebody might be listening, "you know you didn't ought to go there too often. It isn't good for you. You think too much already. And Joe says, — and you wouldn't believe how happy

I am, Master Tom, living here in this little shop, though I never, never forget the old parsonage and the kindness of your dear mother. But Joe he says that one didn't ought to keep on thinking about such things. Not keep on, he means. How would the world go round, he says, if we was all of us up in the clouds all day. It looks to me as if you were more a bag of bones than ever, though p'raps you have been growing, — sprouting up a good deal."

"But wasn't it funny about the birds?" said Tom.

"Why," said Alice, "what was funny?"

"Why," said Tom, "they weren't just ordinary birds. I am not sure now they were even quite live birds, — real birds, I mean, though they might have come from the sea. And why didn't they fly away when I got near? They saw me right enough. And why, do you think, do I keep on thinking about them?"

"Lor bless me," said Alice. "The questions he asks! And all them whys! You ain't much changed at that, Master Tom."

"Yes, but why?" Tom persisted, spoon in hand, looking up at her over his saucer of strawberries and cream.

Alice stood on the other side of the table, resting the knuckles of one hand upon it, and as she looked out across the shop, a vacancy came into her blue eyes, just as if, like Tom himself, she too at times fell into day-dreams. "Well, I suppose, Master Tom," she said at last in a low far-away voice, "you keep on thinking about them because you can't get them out of your head."

"Oh, that's all right," said Tom a little impatiently; "but what I want to know is why they stay there?"

"Well," said Alice, "some things do. I can see those birds meself. And of course they were real, Master Tom. Of course they were real. Or else," she gave a little gentle laugh, — "or else, why you and me would be just talking about ghost birds. What I mean is that it doesn't follow even if they were real that they didn't mean something else too. I don't mean exactly that such things do mean anything else, but only, so to speak, *seem* that they do. All depends, I suppose, in a manner of speaking, what they are to us, Master Tom. Bless me, when I stand here in the shop sometimes, looking out at the people in the street and seeing customers come in, — even serving them, too, — I sometimes

wonder if the whole thing mayn't mean something else. How was I to know that I was ever going to get married to my Joe and keep a greengrocer's shop too, and yet, believe me, Master Tom, it seems just as ordinary now as if I had been meant to do it from my very cradle!"

Tom looked at her curiously. "Then what do you think the birds mean?" he repeated.

The soft lids with their light lashes closed down a little further over her blue eyes as Alice stood pondering over the same old

question. "Why," she whispered almost as if she were talking in her sleep, "if you ask me, it means that you are going to travel. That's what *I* think the birds mean. But then I couldn't say where."

And suddenly she came to again, as it were, — came out of her momentary reverie or day-dream and looked sharply round at him as if he might be in danger of something. She was frowning too, as if she were frightened. "You know, Master Tom," she went on in a solemn voice, "I can never, never forgive myself

for that poor arm of yours. Why you might by now . . . But there! Life *is* a mystery, isn't it? I suppose in a sort of a way, — though Joe would say we oughtn't to brood on it, — life itself is a kind of a journey. That goes on too."

"Goes on where?" said Tom.

"Ah, that we can't rightly say," said Alice smiling at him. "But I expect if them birds of yours could find their way from over the sea, there is no particular reason why human beings should not find theirs."

"You mean Emily found hers?" said Tom.

Alice nodded two or three times. "That I do," she said.

"Well, all I can say is," said Tom, "I wish they'd come back, and the water too. They were more beautiful than anything I have ever seen in the whole of my life."

"And that's a long one too!" said Alice, smiling at him again.

But it was not to be a very long one, after all; for quite early in his twenties Tom had pushed on up the gangway and into the bowels of the ship that was to take him across the sea to that far-away country from which he was never to come back. And though green peas and mint and the last of the cherries may not be quite such magical things in the memory as the sight of two strange sea-birds disporting themselves in a pool of rain water on a bleak silvery March morning far from their natural haunts, even they too, none the less, sometimes reminded Alice of that talk with Tom. Indeed she loved him dearly, for Tom was of course, — and especially after his accident, — a kind of foster son. And when she heard of his going abroad, she remembered the birds too.

ARE THERE TOO MANY ITALIANS?

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

MANY years had passed since I had seen my friend, old Professor Horace Gouph. I had come to Boston with the feeling that he, and perhaps he alone, would be able to shed light on the many perplexing problems of the day.

I found the Professor as enthusiastically interested in the affairs of the world as he was thirty years ago when I had first come to know him. Surrounded by his splendid collection of fine old books, — not one of which, with the exception of the books that he himself had published, had been printed less than fifty years ago, — he showed the same youthful energy that had marked his earlier leadership in the famous Know-Nothing movement.

"You have not lost faith in your ability to save America?" I remarked after we had exchanged greetings.

"On the contrary, I am more hopeful than ever," he said, his eyes sparkling. "I have just come back from Williamstown, and I have been most encouraged by what I learned there."

"You don't mean to say that you have been associating with those foreigners!" I exclaimed, fearing that my old friend had begun, with age, to weaken in his first principles.

"Only as an observer, — as an observer, mind you. And I can now tell you —" a cunning light came into his eyes — "I can now tell you that I understand it all."

From his tone I knew that the Professor had discovered a plot.

"It's the Italians," he whispered, "they're at the bottom of the whole thing — the Italians. Did you ever talk to an Italian?"

I said that I had spoken to several when I was in Italy.

"Have you ever noticed how bright their eyes are, and how they are always laughing and showing their teeth when they are talking?"

I admitted that I had seen many who had the characteristics that he named, but mentioned that I had also seen many who did not laugh, as well as some that were without teeth.

"They are the exceptions," he said impatiently. "The great majority are frank and happy in their appearance, and that is one

of the proofs that they are not to be trusted. They are all natural-born conspirators."

"That, I suppose, explains their preëminence in the operatic field?"

"Of course, for all opera is propaganda, either hidden or unconscious. To a great extent this is true of all music."

I admitted that this profound thought had never occurred to me.

"But you must think of it, if you are to study the secondary and tertiary characteristics of this race and to understand the grave problem that confronts America. I have an Italian boy in my class in Embryology. He is a typical conspirator, — he is actually the brightest scholar in a class in which there are thirty Americans."

"You don't suspect him of being a 'plant'?" I exclaimed, in horror.

The Professor smiled complacently. "Hardly, in my class in Embryology. The point is that we are face to face with the Greatest Conspiracy of Them All, — and you know that I have discovered many a conspiracy."

I recalled that the Professor was one of the discoverers of the Great Catholic Co.[1] and the Great Jewish Co., and I indicated by a gesture that I felt myself in the presence of a master.

"You know how much I am opposed to war, but you do not know, — for I have kept all reference to it out of my speeches and my published writings, — that I have been working on an anti-war bacillus, by means of which I hope to eliminate any nation that even begins to think of war."

"Extraordinary!" I exclaimed.

"Very simple. Our diplomatic agents will secretly feed these bacilli to every nation, and the moment that a nation begins to think of war the bacilli become virulent and consume all the males of fighting age."

"Marvelous! so that there'll be nobody left but old men and women to chew the r—— I beg pardon, to carry on the war by discussion and lectures?"

"Practically only the women and those of a scholastic turn of

[1] This is the Professor's own abbreviation of "conspiracy", which, as he explains in his *Pabulum for Patriots* (Boston, 1920 — $16.25), enabled him to discuss these momentous subjects without arousing the suspicions of the conspirators.

mind will remain, so that not only will the war be avoided but a fine race of scholars will ensue, in accordance with the principles that, as you know, I have laid down in one of my most important books."[1]

"But Italy is a friendly nation," I said, feeling that this was only one of many reasons which ought to weigh with the great thinker.

"Friendly be hanged!" replied the Professor with unaccustomed vehemence. "Do you know the amount of spaghetti that is imported into this country every year?"

"I don't know, but it must be large."

"It is more than that, — it is preposterous. And the native-born, hundred per cent American is eating it more and more. These Italians are eating their way into our very homes."

"Why not," — I felt that I had another brilliant idea, —"why not introduce the American Home-Made Pie and the American Quick Lunch into Italy? That would take care of their superfluous population."

"It won't do," said the Professor decisively. "There are too many goats in Italy, and these shrewd Italians would probably encourage us to export our pies and then train their goats to eat them. No, sir, there is only one way to prevent these surplus Italians from bootlegging their way into this country, — disguised, in all probability, as bales of spaghetti, — and that is by declaring war on them."

"But I don't think Congress will declare war on Italy," I said.

"I thought the Business Interests had abolished Congress?"

"The matter is still under discussion, but nothing has really been accomplished yet." I felt that the Professor might better hear the painful truth.

"It will be necessary, then, to get up a popular movement of Friendly Sons to Insult Italy and Provoke War. In fact, I have already started such a movement with my former associates in other movements."

For the third time in my life I was astounded at the rapidity with which this amazing man worked, when he was once certain that his country was in danger.

[1] *Throwing the Bull, or, The Perfect Eugenist*, by Professor Horace Gouph (Boston, 1923— $17.50).

"It is fortunate," I said, when I had fully grasped the extent of his idea, "that your 'Anti-war Bacillus' has not been fermenting in the American — er — interior."

"Great Heavens!" and the Professor was out of his chair in a leap.

"What is the matter?"

"It has been. I have been secretly distributing loaded toothpicks for months. And, worse still — " pale and trembling, he rushed to the mirror, "I have been using them myself. I am as red as a boiled owl — I feel feverish all over — I am burning up —"

"If you'll pardon me, sir," I said, "I think that is because you have been sitting on your pipe, — it is still lit. Perhaps it will calm you." I picked it up and handed it to the greatly relieved philosopher.

DIALOGUE

I HELD conversation with a firefly last night.
"The Moon?" he said; of course I love it!
It grows on a spiky trunk among many green clouds.
We swarm to its perfume."
"Perfume of the moon?" I began;
then I realized that he was talking
about the first rose of the year,
and I envied him his gardens of moons yet to bloom.

— *S. Foster Damon*

FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

DREAM GARDENS

ONE set of philosophers nowadays is busy telling us that the secret of life is to get "adjusted to your environment." They don't mean that if you live in a badly ventilated hovel among neighbors with a passion for jazz you should rest content with your squalid surroundings, — not exactly that; but they do ask you to face the stern facts, to give up your dreams and yearnings. Then there's another set of philosophers who champion "divine discontent", who in effect hold that the world is made better only by the passionate yearnings of those who refuse to rest content. Sometimes it seems rather hard on the ordinary citizen that he is confronted with this *either — or* dilemma, that he is generalized, willy-nilly, by the savants into a disgusting realist or into a gusty idealist. Why does he have to be either, — just to please them? He can't be both at once, obviously; but he might be something else if only they'd leave him alone.

It looks as if the plain people everywhere, but more especially in English-speaking regions (including New York and Fall River), were victims of an enormous hoax. A large percentage of the philosophers and politicians, to say nothing of a fair sprinkling of divines and doctors, have been kept going solely by the lamb-like submission of the public to this hoary deception. You are either a contented matter-of-fact person or a discontented matter-of-lie person; you are a traditionalist or an innovator, a reactionary or a radical. Let the magic begin to lose its mystery — presto! You are an extravert or an introvert; rapt attention falls on the public once more. Lewis Carroll to the rescue! —

> "*While for those who preferred a more forcible word*
> *He had different names from these;*
> *His intimate friends called him 'Candle-Ends',*
> *And his enemies 'Toasted Cheese'.*"

Now I question (and it is a one-sided bet that Lewis Carroll would have questioned too) whether the world has been set very

far forward, — or backward, for that matter, — by either group to which we are so blithely assigned by the philosophers. I would make a plea for the ordinary citizen, who has sense enough to believe in dreams but who knows a castle in Spain from a hen-house; who is rather contented with his lot, but who isn't committed to it forever.

Man has indulged in dreams ever since the beginning of the world. It is the one international pastime. Sometimes the dreamer has just let fancy have its way, as Lamb did in his *Dream Children;* sometimes he has been tinctured with a passion for reform and has drawn elaborate pictures of Utopian states, perhaps even of heaven. In such latter cases he usually pictures heaven as a place where he may have an opportunity to carry on what he likes to do on earth or as an escape from what he dislikes to do on earth. That is because the philosophers have given him to understand that he must play one or the other rôle, and he is sometimes too drearily professional to improvise.

Till recently, I confess, I indulged this notion of professional dignity. Just as I accepted the part assigned me by the philosophers, the rôle of mild rebel, — or, in later phrase, of extraverted introvert, — so, running true to form, I dreamed of a heaven where all should be perfectly suited to me and other extraverted introverts. It recked me little that it might be hell for the introverted extraverts. But we are all arrant amateurs at heart, thank God, and the philosophers ought to be told so in plain language. They ought to understand that we are all of us likely to break out of our rôle and improvise in a scandalously amateur fashion. Which is just another way of saying that the vagaries of the human mind are so numerous and complicated that the philosophers might as well go out of business.

Not long ago, finding myself in a backward and abysm of time, after an illness, I began to indulge the natural propensity of a rebel to picture a perfect condition. In my particular case I happened to picture a "Dream Garden". At the first rush of fancy, all sorts of magnificent designs floated before my eye: broad expanses of sward flanked by undulating herbaceous borders; behind them wood and mountain wall; alluring alleys leading between hedges, past rock gardens, and down mossy steps to verdurous glens. But soon trouble began. Cypress and hemlock, bougainvillea and del-

phinium, orchid and arctic daisy somehow required at one moment climates so various that even a dreamer had to compromise. I began to build me a New England garden and a California garden and (just to give the rebel room) a butterfly paradise in the hidden mysteries of Brazil. I took heart again and drew freely on Francis Bacon and Henry Hudson and Moses. Ay, God should walk in *my* gardens "when the eve was cool"; not the terrible Lord God of Israel perhaps, but great God Pan at the least. And in these gardens, I told myself, the blooms would always come true, — no magenta Sweet William (bought for "salmon pink"), no dirty-colored asters, —

"But how about mosquitoes?" asked a persistent voice.

"Oh, no; no mosquitoes!" I answered with blithe assurance.

"Not even on muggy June evenings?" I fancied I almost heard the impertinent tones of my good wife.

"No muggy June evenings in this garden," I retorted.

But the charm was snapped. When I had excluded not only an occasional mosquito, but even the possibility of muggy weather, when in fact I had adjusted the heavens and earth to my taste, I had a queasy, persistent sense of having adjusted myself too, — into the immaculate gardener. My wife coming actually into the room at that moment, she was somewhat astonished to hear me cry passionately, "I *will* have cut-worms!"

"What? Where?" she queried, taken off her guard.

"Where? Why in my garden."

"Why yes, dear, I think you will." She said it with a finality that reconciled me once and for all to cut-worms, — not to a plague of them, you understand, but to a select few, specially invited to create a verisimilitude.

Well, there are other implications, once you admit the cut-worms. But, — that's no reason for excluding Pan!

POETRY
EDITED BY WALTER S. HINCHMAN

Poets have always been busy with the problems of life and immortality, whether they seek a solution of the great problem of mankind or a way out of their individual perplexities. Below we print a group of poems which give these old questions new interest.

APPEARANCE AND REALITY

IN those great realms of light, —
From which our rounded skies, the wide, the deep,
Seem but a small dark cloud, a sphere of night,
Where embryonic lives are drowned in sleep, —
They that were born through death
To life at last, and have stripped off all dreams,
Draw through young lips their deep untroubled breath,
Walk on firm ground, and swim in living streams.

We are the ghosts, not they;
Ghosts with a cheating cloud-wrack round us furled.
Theirs is the substance; theirs the shining day;
Theirs are the ringing high-roads of the world;
Theirs the strong hills to range;
Valleys of Beauty; bare, scarred rocks of Truth;
Theirs the full life that uses time and change
To wing with music an eternal youth.

Theirs the great company, too,
The century-peopled cities, the world's boast;
Ours the dark dwellings; ours an earth-bound few.
Theirs is the central, universal host.
And when we, too, are born,
And join that general concourse of mankind;
When these blind gates burst open to that morn,
And these blind eyes perceive that they were blind;

When this dream-burial ends,
And all the sensuous veils of color and sound —
That will not let us near our kingly friends —
From our true selves like cere-cloths are unwound;
In the first wonder and awe,
When the dread seals are shattered and we see
Light beyond light, freedom at one with law,
Thought, passion, will, one absolute harmony;

O, what shall be our clue,
On our first waking, to that exquisite maze? —
One living truth, that even on earth we knew,
In human form shall meet our 'wildered gaze;
A voice; a living hand;
The known transfiguring all that vast unknown;
Then the full memory; eyes that understand,
And the inarticulate love that claims its own.

— *Alfred Noyes*

WHEN TWILIGHT COMES

WHEN twilight comes and I shall close my eyes —
And friends step softly, thinking me asleep —
Oh then, I think, I shall begin to live,
And manifest, in many wondrous ways,
Those qualities of gladness and of love
Which now so faintly radiate from me.
Oh, then I shall begin to sing with power
Those songs which now I try in vain to voice!
And I shall speak in tones that shall not fail
To reach the ears of those I love on earth —
And those I knew and loved long, long ago.
Then shall I see the glories of my dreams
And hear the music of my own glad heart,
And feel the thrill of angel presences,
And touch the hands of well-remembered friends.
Thus, at the twilight, when I close my eyes —
And friends step softly, thinking that I sleep —
Oh then, I think, I shall begin to live!

— *James M. Warnack*

AT EVENING

O STRANGE and sweet and muted sounds
Of summer nights!
O fragrance gushing wavelessly!
O dim delights!
O trembling tips of star-touched trees!
O amorous, O eager breeze!

World, world, I love thee, yet thou art
From human love withdrawn . . . apart . . .
Thou dost not pity if we fall.
Thou dost not answer, if we call,
And when we clasp Death's hand, and go —
Thou dost not care — thou dost not know.

— *Mary Dixon Thayer*

ANY MAN TO ANY GOD

IS this, O God! what living means:
A table and a pot of beans,
A spade to dig, an axe to hack,
A strip of cloth to hide one's back?

Has life no greater joy than this:
A pair of lips, a thing called kiss,
A warmth of flesh, a scorch of pain,
Disgust and weariness again?

Your grasses cool, O God! our feet,
But can they cool the mind's white heat?
Can flowers heal a human soul?
Can moonlight make a mortal whole?

If this were all life had to show —
O God! It's good we cannot know.

— *Harbor Allen*

ANY WOMAN TO ANY MAN

MAN, earthbound, goes to God an arduous way,
Wresting his bounty from the very heart
Of life, while all its pulse beats through his clay
Firing his blood, making him throbbing part
Of earth and men; their hatreds, friendships gay,
Tears, laughter, love; love's joy and stinging smart.

One of a venturous, toiling brotherhood,
He lives by strength, by courage to retrieve;
By keen unrest that works him greatest good
When all his plans and hopes can die, yet leave
Him in more forward place than e'er he stood,
Because he hungers, avid to achieve.

Seeing, he knows that all his body's gain
Has been but symbol of reality;
Now, spirit-hunger, aspiration's pain,
Become his dearest actuality —
Seeking to loose his last corroding chain
To win him pledge of immortality.

He finds it in the only sentient thing
That man creates — the child, the hallowed fruit
Of passion's high endeavor — the angel-wing
That lifts his love to blend with God — transmute
The symbol of His image, and so bring
His flower of love divine to earthsprung root.

So, dawn to moontime, love is Sacrament
And dedicates itself a thousand ways
By recreate loveliness, divinely spent;
Touching the disillusion of men's days
With radiance; causing transfigurement
In all the things that wantonness betrays.

— *Elizabeth Stanley Trotter*

FRONTIERS

GIVE me the spirit to live on life's frontiers!
The discontent of dauntless pioneers!
Give me new trails for my caravan
Of thoughts, unblazed by any living man,
Give me the fear to keep my spirit stripped
Like pine-trees on a mountain, lone, storm-whipped;
A fear of paths that other hands have cleared,
Smooth tracks where those who followed disappeared.
Make my eyes strong to see the promised land
When traveling over endless copper sand,
Over desolate hills whose bareness catches
The weariness of drifting shadow-patches.
But give me too the kind of eyes that see
The trailing cedar and anemone,
And ears to hear spring delicately thrum
On April winds that make the forests hum.

— *Mary Wickham Porcher*

THE UNANSWERED RIDDLE

I'VE seen a child throw back his head
In joyous half-astonished glee
At something suddenly made plain,
Some mystery.

I've seen him laugh, amazed to think
He had not thought of that before,
So simple was it in the end,
So true to law.

And I who ponder every day
A mystery more amazing still,
Hope always in the end to find
A principle:

Some thread that runs through all the cloth,
Some truth that leaps to reconcile,
Some answer to unriddle all
And make me smile.

— *Monk Gibbon*

THE SINGING GOD

IF thy God is ailing
Do not fear to let him die.
Do not breathe into his failing
Breath, nor hover nigh,
Do not rend the night with wailing —
If he fall, there let him lie.

For no knife could kill him
Had he strength to speak or nod;
No disdain could dim or chill him,
Clothed with light and fire-shod;
There would be no silence to still him
If he were a singing God.

— *Grace Fallow Norton*

THE SALEM WITCHES

To Leslie Nelson Jennings, Author of "The Burning"

An inaccuracy in "The Burning", published in the July FORUM, *has produced not only letters but a spirited reply in verse. Historical fact should be vindicated; the hoary superstition about the Salem witches should itself be burned; but it should be noted, in justice to Mr. Jennings, that the point of his powerful poem does not stand or fall with the historical fact. Any town where witches were authentically burned would suit; or, for that matter,* hanged *witches would do.* — Poetry Editor.

O POET of the Angry Heart,
Our twenty ghosts return
To bless you that you take our part
And gently bid you learn
That in Salem Village never
Did flesh for witchcraft burn.

Nineteen of us on Gallows Hill
That frenzied summer saw
Hanged by the neck; old Giles, who still
Refused to plead, his jaw
Grim as his granite farm, was pressed
To death by English law.

Our wraiths bear witness one by one!
Bridget Bishop, on whom fell
The noose while briar-roses ran
Up from the shore to tell
The woods that June was blooming;
Bridget loved colors well.

July lay hot upon the land
When kind old Neighbor Nurse,
Susanna Martin, Sarah Wild,
Sarah Good, who put her curse
On Parson Noyes, and Goody Howe
Climbed the cart that was their hearse.

Wild grapevine filled the August haze
With its delicious breath
When old Jacobs, righteous Proctor,
Whose wife Elizabeth
Was for her unborn child reprieved,
And Willard went to death.

With these was Mother Carrier,
Her dry old eyes a-stare,
And Burroughs, sometime minister

Of Wells, whose saintly prayer
As he stood upon the ladder
Had stirred a rescue there.

But the accusers cried that Satan
Was whispering in his ear,
And the Reverend Cotton Mather,
On horseback hovering near,
Assured the sobbing folk the Fiend
Would as angel oft appear.

Once more, in gold September,
The death-cart bore "a knot
Of witches", Ann Pudeater,
Reed, Wardwell, Margaret Scot,
Alice and Mary Parker,
But many a heart was hot

As gracious Goodwife Easty
With words of comfort took
Sweet farewell of her children,
While fair Dame Corey's look,
Lifted to Heaven, the conscience
Even of the sheriff shook.

And when the cart was at a set
Half-way up Gallows Hill,
Some urged that God's hand held it,
But others clamored still
That they saw a troop of devils
Tugging at wheel and thill.

April, and from the crowded jails
The accused in freedom came,
For the "Afflicted Children" ceased
Their sly, hysteric game,
And Ministers and Magistrates
Bowed their proud heads in shame.

O Poet, stirred by ancient wrong,
Tell true our piteous tale,
And should a wildfire craze again
This land we loved assail,
Even for our sake strive soberly
That Christ His Grace prevail.

— *Katherine Lee Bates*

Hare and Tortoise

A Novel in Six Instalments — VI

Pierre Coalfleet

Part II — Chapter IV

Continued

A WOMAN in black appeared at the door and came out on the terrace. Louise turned suddenly to Dare with a whimsical smile. "If you have only one funny, cross old lady in the world to represent your stock of sisters and cousins and aunts, and who really ought to have been a Mother Superior, you're obliged to love her, aren't you?"

Dare judged that you were.

"And if you love Aunt Denise, it's perfectly obvious you can't dote on people like Mrs. Windrom and Ernest Tulk-Leamington and lots of others. Don't you agree?"

"I'll agree fast enough, but I can only take your word that it's obvious."

"She really is pure gold under all that black, — but she's so far under."

Aunt Denise waited with outstretched hands. "You are both very welcome!" she cried, and turned to congratulate Dare. "*Toi, mon enfant,*" she continued, with her arm about Louise's shoulders, and using the familiar pronoun for the first time since her arrival, "*tu as bien fait. Tu es vraiment la fille de ton père, et de ta pauvre mère. Du ciel elle t'a envoyé du courage.*"

Louise went indoors, and her eyes feasted on the colorful tapestries, the shiny spaces, the blazing logs, the flowers, the vases and rugs and odors, the blue and gold vistas through high window-doors. As she entered the library Keble and Miriam looked up from a broad table littered with papers.

Keble came running to greet her. "Why, my dear, we weren't looking for you so early! We planned to take the launch and fetch you."

"Couldn't wait." She went to kiss Miriam. "It's quite all right, dear. There's not a germ left. We've exterminated the species. How is the campaign?"

"We're in the throes of final preparations," said Keble. "To-night is the big meeting in the Valley. The telephone has already been humming. Yesterday our enemies cut the wires; that shows that they dread us."

"I'll run off and let you work," said Louise. "Till lunch."

"It's to be a gala lunch," Miriam warned. "Don't give a single order. They're all jubilant at your return, — so are we, dear."

"Have they been starving you?"

"Do we look starved?"

Louise surveyed them. "No, you look jolly fit. I believe you have got along quite comfortably without me; I rather hate you for it."

Keble kissed her. "Go see the monkey," he suggested. "We'll be out as soon as we get through this. Explain to Dare."

As Louise closed the library door she combated a desire to cry, then went out, not to see the monkey, but a friendly band of slaves that happened to include Katie Salter, *ergo* the monkey.

Lunch proved festive. Keble was excited; Miriam played big sister; and Aunt Denise reigned with clemency. Dare was still far below par, and his smile was wan; but he was sufficiently his old self to enter the spirit of the occasion.

Talk turned to politics. "You'll come to-night, of course?" Keble invited Louise. "Your father has offered to put us up. We leave for Witney to-morrow morning. If you're too tired to go on you can stay at your father's till the tumult and the shouting die."

"What about my paient?"

Dare answered for the patient's welfare. "In the absence of his hosts, he will install himself at their table, take second helpings of everything, then pray for the speedy advent of the next meal, oblivious to the political destinies of the Dominion."

"Glad to see your appetite back," said Keble. "Does a man good to see you so greedy."

After a stroll with Keble, Dare came back to the sun-parlor, where he found Louise checking items in a mail order. He took up a magazine and lay in the hammock.

"I'm ordering some winter provisions," she informed him.

"You haven't let much grass grow under your feet."

"The grass has become knee-deep since you've been away."

Miriam came to the doorway, but hesitated a moment on hearing this last remark, which alluded to goodness knew what. "We're to be ready at four," she said. "Keble wonders if you could put tea ahead a half hour."

Louise got up, giving Dare's hammock a little shake. "Tea at four instead of four thirty, do you hear, Mr. Dare dear? Are you thrilled?"

"Couldn't make it three thirty, could you?"

Louise had caught Miriam's arm and was towing her into the hall. "Don't look so glum," she commanded. "Let's find Gertie and tell her tea at four, then pack our bags."

"What will you wear?" Miriam asked, surveying Louise's khaki and wondering what Louise had meant by "glum".

"What I have on," replied Louise.

"What! Riding breeches on the platform?"

"Pooh, everybody in the Valley knows my legs by heart! Besides an election five mass meeting isn't like a speech from the Throne."

Miriam was wondering whether she should ask for an explanation of "glum", but remained silent as Louise told Gertie "tea at four", then led the way upstairs. In Louise's room, however, the chatter irritated her, and again Louise intrigued her by saying, "For heaven's sake, Miriam, what's up?"

"Nothing that I know of."

"Something is."

"Well, if it's anything," Miriam temporized, "it's so little that it's practically nothing. Besides it's none of my business."

"All the more, then."

"The more what?"

"Necessary to spit it out, darling. Excuse my vulgarity. It's only my real nature coming out in the joy of getting away from that shack. If not your business, probably mine. Fire away."

"You'll think me Mrs. Grundyish."

"Anything to do with the patient?"

"Thanks for helping me. With Mr. Dare *dear*, so to speak."

"Oh!"

"It's only that, — well, now you've brought him through, shall you need to be as attentive to him?"

"Conspicuously attentive?"

"It amounts to that."

"People been saying catty things?"

"People always do."

"You and I don't let 'people' dictate our actions."

Miriam stopped to ask herself how much territory Louise's "you and I" might be meant to cover. "No," she assented, "yet there's something to be said for not giving people unnecessary topics for gossip, especially now that the Eveleys are on exhibition. It would be a pity if your generosity were to be misinterpreted."

Louise snapped the cover of her bag and sat on a chair facing Miriam. Her face had become serious. "Miriam, dear, are you sure you know why you are so agitated about my attentions to Dare?"

Miriam bit her lip. Had Louise guessed that her appeal was in the nature of a final effort to make Louise intervene between herself and the tyrant which had been inciting her to snatch at any fact or appearance favoring the disloyal cause? "Whatever the cause of my agitation, as you call it, I hope you won't dismiss my caution as mere meddlesomeness."

Louise got up and came to place her hands over Miriam's knees, with an impulsive yet earnest directness. "Our lives are fearfully unstable, dear. We're constantly raising little edifices in ourselves which we think are solid; then along comes some trickle of feeling and washes the edifice away, leaving only a heap of sand. The problem is to find materials within us more reliable than sand, impervious to chance streams of feeling, with which we can reinforce our edifices, so that they will see us through a lifetime. . . . Only after a series of washouts do we recognize the necessity of using a durable mortar, and it takes still longer to discover what materials in us are durable and how to mix them. We've only experience to go by. I don't think I'm over-conceited in

saying that I've learned my lesson; and I don't think I'm claiming too much for Dare when I say that he has learned his. In any case we're answerable only to ourselves, and I don't see why any one need worry."

Miriam's agitation was now undisguised, though its cause was not called into question. Only her impatience restrained her from weeping. "I don't understand you," she finally said. "You have outlandish moods which make you do outlandish things, then you offer outlandish explanations in the form of universal laws. . . . How are ordinary mortals to be helped by your offhand statement that the solution of personal complications is to find some durable material to cement everything together? That's begging the question. If you have the durable materials within you, they should protect you from washouts; on the other hand, if you suddenly find yourself in a mess and discover simultaneously that you're nothing but sand and water, what are you going to do? You can't borrow concrete from your neighbors."

"Yes you can. That's what churches and philosophy and art and schools are for. The other name for concrete is Wisdom. There's heaps of it in the world; one has only to help oneself."

"Again you're begging the question. That wisdom abounds doesn't imply that everybody is wise enough to prefer it to folly."

Louise got up and walked back to her dressing table. "But there, as Dare once reminded me, is where nature steps in. If people are hopelessly weak-willed, they have to be cared for and put up with; it's not their fault. But nature's average is quite high on the side of strength. Human beings are on the whole wise, just as they are on the whole healthy. And each human being who feels himself weak in spirit can take a spiritual tonic or go in for spiritual gymnastics, and if he doesn't get better, why I suppose he just becomes a spiritual corpse. . . . We're getting almost morbidly serious about nothing on earth. I haven't the vaguest idea what started us, — oh, yes, your objection to my dearing Mr. Dare dear. Let's go and see if tea's at four yet."

"Louise!" Miriam cried, in a half-choked voice. "What a treasure you are."

"Don't be prosy," said Louise, brushing Miriam's forehead with her lips. "That fawn thing of yours wears like iron, doesn't it? I'm in rags. If Keble gets in we'll make him stand us a trip to New York for some duds."

Miriam was grateful for the delicacy which had led Louise to terminate her homily with a flippant flourish, thus giving Miriam an opportunity to withdraw intact from the compromising currents into which she had nervously forced the interview. But the tyrant felt cheated, and only subsided at the tea-table when Keble drew Miriam into a final consultation and Louise challenged Dare to a toast-eating competition.

Chapter V

I

Before Louise had been an hour in the Valley she saw that the election was not going to be the "walk-over" that Pat Goard was predicting, despite the solid support which Keble was receiving at the hands of all the commercial interests. Although she could be contemptuously disregardful of public opinion, she seldom made the mistake of misreading it to her advantage, and as she moved about among groups of idlers in Main Street she intuitively discovered that there was a formidable undercurrent of opposition to her husband.

It came to her with a shock that part of the opposition was directed at herself. She knew there were people in the Valley who thought of her as a "menace". There were women who resented what they regarded as her superior airs, her new way of talking, her habit of dashing into town in an expensive motor. She found that her frivolous treatment of the far-off Watch Night service had not been forgotten, had even been exhumed by people who had boisterously profited by Keble's hospitality on the night in question. She discovered that sarcastic equivocations were being circulated regarding her "sick man" and Keble's "secretary". Further than that, capital was being made of the fact that Keble had brought laborers from the East to work on his land. This was a particularly malicious weapon, since Keble had advertized months in advance for local workmen, and of the few who had offered their services, he had em-

gaged all who qualified for the work in hand.

She made a rapid computation of her enemies, then a rapid computation of her friends. Luckily she had invited Mr. and Mrs. Boots to her house during the visit of her English guests. That had greatly strengthened the Eveley prestige among the faithful. Mrs. Boots recalled that she was the first to tell the Eveleys that they should go in for politics. Even the tongue of the mail carrier's wife had wagged less carelessly since Louise had invited Amy Sweet to dinner with a Lord. Pearl Beatty, who had recently become Mrs. Jack Wallace, was a tower of strength for Keble's cause, for while the women of the Valley whispered about her, Pearl's respectability was now unchallengeable and most of her detractors owed money to Jack for ploughs and harness bought on credit. Moreover, Pearl, as a university graduate, could make the untutored respect her opinion, and she was phenomenally successful on the stump.

The opposing party had, early in the campaign, strengthened their cause by dropping the man who had represented and neglected them for so many years, and chosen as their candidate the much more redoubtable Otis Swigger, proprietor of the Canada House, a director of the Witney Bank, and the holder of many mortgages. Oat was a good "cusser"; he always had a chew of tobacco for any one amiable enough to listen to his anecdotes; he was generally conceded to be an enlightened citizen; and he was a typical product of his district. Moreover, he was popular enough to enlist the support of many Progressives, who had decided not to put up a candidate of their own.

For Louise, whose erratic ways of arriving at conclusions in no sense invalidated the accuracy of the conclusions arrived at, the factor which made Oat Swigger a dangerous opponent was that she had, for her own reasons, decided not to invite him and Minnie to what the Valley referred to as her "high-toned house-warming". In the drug-store Minnie had tried to pass her without speaking, her chalky chin very high in the air. Louise had grasped Minnie's shoulder, with a smile on her lips but a glint in her eye, and said, "You're getting near-sighted, Minnie. How are you?"

"Oh, I'm all right, Smarty!" Minnie had retorted, and broken away. "Never better in my life!" she flung back.

"For God's sake touch wood!" Louise had screamed after her, with a wink for the man behind the counter. "You're going to vote for us, I hope," she said to him.

"Sure thing!" he agreed.

It was with these discoveries bubbling in her mind that she sought out Keble to present a hasty report before the "monster meeting" in the Valley town hall.

Keble and Miriam seemed to have taken stock of most of the points she had observed, but they had thought of nothing as good as the satirical counters which leaped to her tongue, and in the short interval before the meeting Keble jotted down the hints.

Of the three, Louise was the only one who was seized with misgivings when Pat Goard came to say that the hall was full and it was time to go on the platform. She held Keble back for a moment. "Do let me speak too," she pleaded.

Keble laughed, and she saw a glance pass between him and Miriam which seemed to say, "That incurable theatricality cropping out again!"

"I'm afraid there's no room on the program," he said.

"As if that made any difference!" she retorted. "It wouldn't take me five minutes to say my piece."

"An extempore address might spoil everything," he remonstrated. "I'm using your suggestions; they will be the plums in my pudding."

She gave it up, but only because the glance between Miriam and Keble had abashed her. Perhaps it *was* mere play-acting, she rebelliously reflected, but it would be first-rate play-acting, and she had meant every word she had said weeks ago when she had warned Keble that drama must be infused into politics if he wished to carry the mass.

She sat on the platform in her khaki riding suit and was startled by the volume of applause which greeted Keble when it came time for his speech. She was also cut by the hissing and booing which seemed to be concentrated in the back of the hall, where she recognized a number of hoodlums, probably paid.

She was also startled by the effective-

ness of Keble's speech. It sounded honest, and she thrilled to a note of authority in his voice and a strength in his manner for which she had not given him credit. Miriam seemed not at all surprised, — but Miriam had heard him speak in public before.

The audience was attentive, at times vociferously friendly. There were occasional interruptions and aggressive questions, which Keble found no difficulty in answering. At the end there was some cheering, and as the meeting broke up scores of men and a few women came to shake hands with Keble.

Louise greeted friends and used every acquaintanceship in the interest of propaganda, but secretly she was panic-stricken. She had seen the Valley in all its moods, and she knew that this evening's hearty good will had not been fired with the enthusiasm that won Valley elections. She was afraid to meet Keble's eyes, and was glad that in his flush of triumph at the cheers and individual assurances he failed to see her doubt.

They reached the doctor's house late in the evening, and went straight to bed in order to be fresh for the strenuous day at Witney. At first Louise could not sleep. She was haunted by the sight of earnest, slightly puzzled, friendly and unfriendly faces and by the sound of jeers. Her brain revolved a dozen schemes, and before she fell asleep she had drawn up a private plan of campaign.

After breakfast she went to the bank and cashed a cheque. Then she made a round of the garages and stables and hired every available conveyance. While Keble was talking with groups of men in the town, she was using every minute, unknown to him, to collect influential members of the community and make them promise to travel to Witney for the final rally that evening. The cars and wagons were to leave an hour after her husband's departure. Nothing was to be said to him about the scheme, for she was reserving it as a surprise. Her conscience told her it was what Keble would spurn as "flummery". Well, it was a flummery world.

After dinner at the Majestic Hotel in Witney, followed by anteroom interviews, Keble and his band of supporters, to the blare of trumpets which made Miriam conceal a smile, proceeded to the Arena, a wooden edifice with a false front rising proudly above the highest telephone poles. Flags, posters, slogans, confetti, and peanut shells abounded. There were argumentative groups outside the doors, while within, every available seat was taken and already there was talk of an overflow meeting. Louise had had the satisfaction of seeing her phenomenal procession of cars, wagons, and beribboned citizens from the Valley swarm into the town, headed by the Valley band. It had taken all her skill to prevent Keble from discovering the ruse. Later on he would find out and be furious. For the moment she didn't care what he thought. Besides, it wasn't bribery to offer people a lift over a distance of thirty-five miles to listen to a speech. She wasn't bribing them to vote; they could vote for or against, as their feelings should dictate after she had got through with them. Moreover, even if it was trickery, she had used her own money, — not Keble's.

The applause on Keble's appearance was not deafening. After all, Witney was less well acquainted with Keble than the Valley, even though it had pleasant recollections of the compliments uttered by his father from the back platform of a governmental railway carriage. Keble's address was similar to former addresses, though throughout this final day he had brought together concise counter arguments to new attacks, and had prepared a damaging criticism of his opponent's latest rosy promises. He was more than cordially received, but again Louise felt the absence of enthusiasm which represented the margin of a majority.

When Keble had resumed his seat, Mr. Goard, in accordance with a secret plan, called on Mrs. Eveley, to the amazement of Miriam and Keble, and to the wonderment of the big audience, who had had three serious speeches to digest and who sensed in the new move a piquant diversion.

"Last night," Louise began, "I asked my husband to let me speak at the Valley mass meeting, and he objected. So, ladies and gentlemen, to-night I didn't ask his permission at all. I asked Mr. Goard's, and as you all know, Pat Goard never could resist a lady."

Already she had changed the mind of

score of men who had been on the point of leaving the hall.

"I wouldn't give my husband away by telling you he refused, unless it illustrated a point I wish to make. The point is that no matter how hard a man objects, — and the better they are the more they do object, — his wife always takes her own way in the end. Not only that, ladies and gentlemen, but the wife adds much more color to her husband's public policies than the public realizes. You've heard the proverb about the hand that rocks the cradle. I don't for a second claim that the average wife is capable of thinking out a political platform; certainly I couldn't; but she is like the irritating fly that goads the horse into a direction that he didn't at all know he was going to take. What it all boils down to is this: when you elect Keble Eveley at the polls to-morrow, you'll elect me too. And if you were by any mischance to elect Oat Swigger, you'd be electing Minnie Swigger. Minnie Swigger is a jolly good girl, one of my oldest friends. But the point is, ladies and gentlemen, I can lick Minnie!"

Shouts of laughter interrupted her. Miriam and Keble had ceased being shocked. However much they might deprecate her sops to the groundlings, they were hypnotized by her control of the mass which had a few minutes earlier been heterogeneous and capricious. Her direct personal allusions had dispelled a hampering ceremoniousness that had prevailed all evening.

"Once when we were girls together at the Valley school," Louise continued, seeing that her audience appreciated the reference to Mrs. Swigger, "I *did* lick her. I had more hair for her to pull, and she made the most of it. But I had a champion's uppercut. Now, gentlemen, when you go to the polls to-morrow, don't back the wrong girl."

She took a step nearer the row of lamps and held them by a change of mood. "A little while ago somebody said that Keble Eveley was a dude. If he were, his wife would be a dude too; and though I've come up against a lot of rough characters in my time, nobody has yet been mean enough to call me a dude to my face; things said behind your back don't count. So now, man to man, is there anybody here who has the nerve to call us dudes? If there is let him say it now, or forever hold his peace."

There was a silence, then a shuffling sound directed attention to a corner, whence a facetious voice called out, "His father's a sure enough dude, ain't he?"

Louise darted a glance to see who had spoken, paused a moment, smiled, and took the audience into her confidence. "It's Matt Hardy," she announced. "Matt's a clever boy (Matt was fifty and weighed fifteen stone), but like many clever people he overshoots the mark. Matt says Keble Eveley's father is a dude; and his obvious implication is that we are therefore dudes. For the sake of argument, let's admit that Lord Eveley is a dude —"

"A damn fine dude at that," interposed a friendly voice.

"A damn fine dude," echoed Louise. "We'll admit that." She wheeled around with dramatic suddenness, facing Matt's corner. "Now Matt Hardy's father used to live in Utah. The obvious implication is that Matt is a Mormon with six concealed wives."

There was a howl of enjoyment while the discomfited Matthew tried to maintain a good-humored front against the nudges with which his neighbors plagued him. The success of the sally lay in the fact that every one knew Matt for a bachelor who paid his taxes and enjoyed an immaculate reputation.

Louise's spirits rose as she leaned forward over the lights and focused attention again by a gesture of her arms.

"It doesn't in the least matter whether we're dudes or not," she said. "You're going to elect us anyway. Bye and bye I'll tell you why. My husband told you some of the reasons, but there are a lot of others he hadn't time to touch on. Never mind that now. Before I get to the reasons I must sweep the ground clear of objections. That's the quickest way. I've disposed of one. Are there any other objections to us as your representatives in the Legislative Assembly? Any more objections, Matt?"

Matt had been harboring a desire for revenge, but his wits stood still under provocation.

"Matt's cartridges are used up," she announced, turning away.

"No, they're not," he shouted, with a sudden inspiration. "You're French."

His voice was drowned by a chorus of jeers. Louise motioned for silence, then smiled imperturbably. "That's what Minnie Swigger said, ladies and gentlemen. That's what we fought about. And Minnie was half right. But only half. She overlooked the fact that *me mother was Irish!*"

The success of this was almost too great. It threatened to rob the session of its seriousness. After the first delight had simmered down, individuals were suddenly seized with a recollection of the wink and the brogue and burst into renewed guffaws or slapped their legs with resounding thwacks.

Louise saw the necessity of counteracting this levity, and for several minutes talked straight at the issue, pointing out the practical changes that had come about as a result of her husband's efforts to civilize and develop his district, and the far-reaching improvements that he, of all people, was in a position to effectuate. She heard herself enunciating facts and generalizations which had never occurred to her before. Once again, as in the case of Billy Salter's funeral, she found herself thinking in public more rapidly and concisely than she had ever thought in private. And under the surface of it all was a wonderment that she should be so passionately supporting Keble in a plan that had been distasteful to her.

Only once she relieved the tenseness by another flash of humor, when, referring to the candidature of Otis Swigger, she said that while Oat's barber shop in the Valley had always been recognized as a public forum, Oat would be at a distinct disadvantage in Parliament, because he couldn't lather the faces of the other members, consequently no one would be obliged to listen to him.

She brought her address to a climax with the instinct of an orator, just when the whole audience had settled down comfortably for more.

She paused a moment, exulting in the silence, then, changing from an earnest to a girlish manner, she dropped her arms and said quietly, "Well, ladies and gentlemen, you still have twelve hours to think over the truth of all I've said. Are you going to vote for us?"

The answer was in an affirmative that shook the rafters of the Arena and made Miriam turn pale. The air was charged with an enthusiasm which for Louise, as she sank back exhausted, spelt Majority. Keble was forced to acknowledge the prolonged acclamation, and Pat Goard quickly followed up the advantage with a few words of dismissal.

Excitement and lack of sleep, following on her long ordeal, had overtaxed Louise. She felt weak and a little frightened as she walked towards a side door in a deserted back room of the building, followed by Keble, who came running to overtake her.

"I know it was cheap," she quickly forestalled him, "but I couldn't help it." He seemed to have been subdued by the pandemonium she had let loose, as though suddenly aware that he had been satisfied with too little until she gave a demonstration of what pitch enthusiasm could and must be raised to. "It's my love of acting," she said. "I hope you weren't annoyed."

Keble was in the grip of a retrospective panic. "Why am I always finding things out so late!" he cried, with a profound appeal in his voice. "I'm always walking near a precipice in the fog. Why can't I see the things you see?"

Her fatigue made her a little hysterical. "Why do you keep your eyes shut?" she retorted.

A cloud of feeling that had been growing heavier for weeks burst and deluged Keble with the sense of what his wife meant to him. He saw what a jabber all social intercourse might become should she withhold her interpretative affection from him or expend it elsewhere. He had long been restive under her continued use of the weapon of polite negativity with which he had originally defended himself against her impulsiveness. Now he longed to recapture the sources of the old impulsiveness, to defend them as his rarest possession, and his longing was redoubled by a fear that it was too late.

"Why — " he commenced, but his voice broke, and he reached out his arms. It was dark. She was dazed, and seemed to ward him off.

"Then what made you do it?" he finally contrived to say. "You've saved the day, if it can be saved. Not that it really matters. Why? Why? Why not have let me blunder along to defeat, like the silly ass I am?"

"No woman likes to see her husband
aten," she replied, in tired, tearful tones.
By a barber!" she added.
"Louise!" he implored, in a welter of
pes, fears, and longings that made him
once brutally incautious. He caught
r into his arms, then marveled at the
npness of her body. He turned her face to
e dim light and saw that she had fainted.

2

Not until Dare had been driven to
itney, there to entrain for the coast,
d Louise give in to the weariness with
hich she had been contending for many
ys prior to Keble's election. Only her
termination to spare Dare the knowl-
dge that she had overtaxed her strength
r him kept her from yielding sooner. On
e day of his departure she retired to her
droom, drew the blinds, got into bed,
d gave an order that nobody should be
dmitted. They might interpret her re-
rement as grief at Dare's departure if
ey chose; for the moment she didn't
are "a tinker's dam" what any one
ought.

Aunt Denise discouraged Keble's im-
diate attempt to telephone for Dr.
runeau. "She doesn't need medicine,"
e said, "but rest. Leave her to me; I
nderstand her temperament."

Once more Keble and Miriam could
nly pool their helplessness.

"We had better leave matters in her
ands," Miriam decided. "The Bruneaus
em to be infallible in cases of illness."

Keble was only half reassured. "Usually
hen Louise has a headache that would
rive any ordinary person mad, she goes
ut and climbs Hardscrapple. I have a
ood mind to telephone in spite of Aunt
enise."

"If you do," said Miriam, "Louise will
e furious, and that will only make mat-
ers worse. It's merely exhaustion. Even
have seen it coming."

"I wish to God I'd fetched a nurse from
Harristown when Dare was ill."

"Louise wouldn't have given up her
atient if you had imported a dozen."

Keble was vexed and bitterly unhappy.
"What are you going to do with a woman
ike that!" he cried. "I don't mind her
aving her own way; but damn it all,
object to her doing things that half kill
er. That's stupid."

One of the most difficult lessons Miriam had learned in her long discipleship under Louise was how and when to be generous. She saw an opportunity and breathed more freely. "I think it's cruel of you to call her sacrifice stupid. If she breaks down it is not that she has undertaken too much; but that other people undertake so little. When Louise resolved to nurse Dare she did it because there was, as she said to me, no one else. But during that period she was putting the best brain-work into our campaign. The minute she was free she went to the Valley, worked like a horse, and turned the tide single-handed because, as she might have put it, there was nobody else. She thinks and acts for us all. It isn't our fault if we are not alert enough to live up to her standard, but the least we can do when she becomes a victim to our sluggishness is to refrain from blaming her."

"Well, Miriam, I give it up! I don't understand Louise; I don't understand Aunt Denise; I don't even understand you. You women have one set of things to say for publication, and then disclose amendments which alter the color of the published reports. Each new disclosure rings true, yet they don't piece together into anything recognizable. I no sooner get my sails set than the breeze shifts. . . . There's only one thing left for me to do, and that is to go on as I began, just crawling along like a tortoise, colliding into everything sooner or later. By the time I'm eighty I may have learned something and got somewhere. If not I'll just stumble into my grave, and on my tombstone they can write, 'Poor devil, he meant well'."

Miriam had been laughing at the funny aspect of his misery, but her smile became grim. "That isn't a bad epitaph. I wish I could be sure that I'll be entitled to one as good."

Keble glanced at her curiously. "You're morbid, Miriam. I don't wonder, with the monotony of our life here."

"No," she corrected, despite the tyrant. "The life here has done more than anything to cure me of morbidness. Although, to tell the truth, I wasn't conscious of the morbid streak in me until after I'd been here for a while." To herself Miriam explained the matter with the help of a photographic metaphor; Keble's personality had been a solution which brought out an

alluring but reprehensible image on the negative of her heart; Louise's character had been a solution which had gradually brought out a series of surrounding images which threw the reprehensible image into the right proportion, subordinating it to the background without in any way dimming it. Miriam was now forced to admit that one overture on Keble's part, one token of a tyrant within him that reciprocated the desire of her tyrant, would have sufficed to overthrow all her scruples.

"I don't see what you mean," said Keble.

Miriam thought for a moment. "You deserve an explanation. I can't explain it all; it's too personal." She had almost said too humiliating. "But I'll make a partial confession. Louise imported me here long ago as a sort of tutor, at her expense. You weren't to know; but it can't do any harm to give the game away now. While I was supposed to be tutoring her, I was really learning. By watching Louise I've learned the beauty of unselfishness, trite as that may sound. I can't be unselfish on Louise's scale, for I can't be anything on her scale, good, bad, or indifferent. But like you I can mean well, and since I've known Louise I can mean *better*.

"You sometimes speak of Louise's play-acting. When your people were here we once said that she was having a lovely time showing off. I know better now. I'm convinced that she was trying, in her own way, to reflect distinction on you, just as I'm convinced that when she jerrymandered the proletariat she was doing it in the face of bodily discomfort and your disapproval simply because she couldn't bear the thought of your being disappointed. I don't think either of us has given Louise enough credit for disinterestedness, chiefly because she doesn't give herself credit for it. She prates so much about her individual rights that we assume her incapable of sacrificing them. At times we've mistaken her pride for indifference. Do look back and see if that isn't so. I'm inclined to think that even her present illness is merely the nervous strain consequent upon some splendid reticence."

Miriam paused, unable to confess that the reticence had to do with herself as she suspected it had. She saw that she had permission to go on.

"Then her interest in Dare. That, you and I have avoided referring to, and think we were a little hypocritical. Bu the core of the secret is connected wit Dare, and I can't do Louise the injustic of not telling you. It was unpardonable c me to listen, but I did. I was in the sun parlor, in the hammock, dozing, and sh and Dare came and sat by the fire in th hall. The door was open."

"When was this?"

"Only yesterday. They were talkin about the elections. 'When I saw all thos idiots wavering between Oat Swigger an Keble,' she said, 'something snappe From that moment I had only one deter mination: to make them feel the worth c all the things Keble stood for in the uni verse.' . . . The conversation swun around to the monkey. She told Dare, a she had long ago told me, that before th monkey arrived she hoped he would b a boy, not for her sake, but to gratify hi grandfathers. Then when he did turn ou a boy, she was amazed to find herse thankful for your sake. Then after th elections she was for the first time co scious of cherishing the monkey for he own sake. That feeling grew until sh suddenly resented your rights in hin Then yesterday she took it into her hea to bathe the monkey, and had an insan delusion that she could wash off his herec ity, — scrubbed like a charwoman til the poor darling howled. 'Then,' she said 'I was sorry, and by the time I had got o all his shirts I felt that I had put hi heredities on again, and was glad an kissed him, and he flapped his arms an squealed. Then I cried, because, deep down, I was terrified that perhaps Kebl might some day, if he hasn't already resent *my* contribution to the monkey.'"

Miriam waited. "I couldn't resis passing on that monologue to you, fo it seems the most complete answer t many criss-cross questions, and Louis might never have brought herself to le you see. It would be impudent of me t say all this had we not formed a habit ou here of being so criss-crossly communica tive, and if you hadn't tacitly given me a big sister's license. Anyway, there it is for what it's worth. At least I mean well.'

Keble was too strangely moved to trus his voice, and walked out of the house t ride over the rain-soaked roads.

That was the most bitter moment tha

Miriam had ever experienced. She had come to know that Keble had no emotion to spare for her; but that he should fail to see into her heart, or, seeing, refuse her the barest little sign of understanding and compassion, — it was really not quite fair.

She had letters to write. She had decided to leave, but apart from that her plans were uncertain. Her most positive aim was to avoid living with her old-fashioned aunt in Philadelphia. Grimly she looked forward to a process of gradual self-effacement. In two or three years she would probably not receive invitations to the bigger houses. Then there would be some hot little flat in Washington, on the Georgetown side, with occasional engagements to give lessons in something, — at best a post as social secretary to the wife of some new Cabinet member full of her importance. Something dependent, and dingy. Each year would add its quota to an accumulation of dust on the shelves of her heart. And with a sigh she would take down from a shelf and from time to time reread this pathetic romance in the wilderness. From time to time she would receive impulsive invitations from Louise, and would invent excuses for declining. Perhaps, some years hence, when she could view the episode with some degree of humor, she would write a long letter of confession to Louise. In advance she was sure of absolution. That was her only comfort.

Dare had guessed her secret, and she had been too hypocritical to take him into her confidence. Now that he was gone she regretted that she had not been flexible enough to enter into the spirit of his overture. By evading, she had not only screened her own soul, but denied commiseration to him. In future she would try to be more alert to such cues. She wondered whether inflexibility might not have had a good deal to do with the barrenness of her life. She even wondered whether at thirty-five one would be ridiculous in vowing to become flexible, — would that be savoring too strongly of the old maids in farces?

From her window, as she was patting her hair into place before going down to tea, she caught sight of Keble's tall, clean figure dismounting at the edge of the meadow. Katie was passing along the road with the perambulator, and Keble went out of his way to greet the monkey. His high boots were splashed with mud. His belted raincoat emphasized the litheness of his body. The face that bent over the carriage glowed from sharp riding against the damp air. The monkey was trying to pull off the peak of his father's cap, and Keble was pretending to be an ogre. Katie looked on indulgently.

"Even Katie," thought Miriam, "puts more into life than I do." A few months before Miriam would have thought, "Gets more out of."

The mail had been delayed by the state of the roads. Miriam found a letter from London. When tea was poured she read as follows:

"My dear Miss Cread: I don't know whether you are still at Hillside or whether you will be at all interested in the suggestion I am about to make, but I am writing on the off chance. My old friend Aurelie Graybridge is leaving soon on a visit to America. Yesterday, during a chat with her, I happened to mention your name. She recalled having met you some years ago, and inquired minutely after you. She has been looking for a companion to help her keep the run of her committees, and so forth. For several years a cousin was with her, but her cousin married, and that leaves her with no one. I suggested that you might be induced to go to her, and she asked me to sound you.

"You would divide your time between England and the Continent. The duties would be light, chiefly correspondence. A good deal of spare time; traveling and all expenses provided, and a decent allowance.

"Aurelie plans to sail next week. I'm enclosing her address. Please write her if the idea appeals to you. I hope it may, for that will mean that I shall be likely to see you from time to time. You may of course have much more interesting plans, in which case don't mind this gratuitous scrawl."

It was signed by Alice Eveley. Miriam restored the letter to its envelope, and was thankful that Keble and Aunt Denise were too occupied to notice her face.

Her anger was redoubled by the realization that the offer was too good to be turned down. She knew she would end by despatching an amiably worded letter

to Mrs. Graybridge, then write Keble's sister a note thanking her.

"The cat! Oh, the cat!" she was saying under her breath.

3

In the third week of December Keble returned to Hillside after his first session in the Provincial Assembly. He had been loth to leave his wife at the ranch, but she had been too weak to accompany him and was still somewhat less energetic than she had formerly been. Keble found her on a divan in her own sitting room, with the monkey propped up beside her.

"It's just as you said it would be," he remarked. "Having to waste precious weeks in that dull hole makes the ranch so unbelievably wonderful a place."

When the first questions had been answered, Louise held up a prettily bound little volume from which she had been reading. "Look! A Christmas present already, — from Walter Windrom. A collection of his own verse."

Keble admired it, then Louise, in a tone which she succeeded in making casual, said, indicating one of the pages, "That's a strange sort of poem, the one called 'Constancy'. Whatever made Walter write a thing like that?"

Keble read the poem. "I've seen it before. It's quite an old one. Girlie clipped it from some review and sent it to me."

"What does it mean?" Louise insisted.

"How should I know?" he laughed. "Girlie had a theory about it. Walter was smitten with an American actress for a while, — what was her name? Myra something: Myra Pelter. She treated him rather shabbily. Took his presents, then threw him down for somebody else, I believe, after they'd been rather thicker, as a matter of fact, then Girlie quite knew. Walter is romantic, you know, for all his careful cynicism; he's always singing the praises of bad lots, and that makes Girlie wild, naturally. Girlie said the poem was Walter's attempt to justify this Myra person's uppish treatment of him, an attempt to make her out a lady with duties to art, — all that sort of blether. It's Girlie's prosaic imagination: she can never read a book or a poem without trying to fit it, word for word, into the author's private life. I had quite forgotten it."

It was difficult for Louise to conceal her relief after years of pent-up unhappiness caused by her over-subjective interpretation of the poem's mission. "How could a man as clever as Walter ever take Myra Pelter and her art seriously? She's only a Japanese doll!"

"Dolls have turned wiser heads than Walter's."

Louise looked again at the historical lines. "I hate it," she mildly remarked.

"Tell Walter so — not me!"

"Oh no," she sighed. "The poor little lines meant well enough."

While her remark did not make sense to him, it seemed an echo of something he had once said to himself; it brought a dim recollection of pain.

"But I *would* tell him at a pinch," she continued. "I'm no doll that says only the ugly things for which you press a button in its back!"

"Ungainly sentence, that!"

(He remembered now. It was the ghostly little gramaphone record, that had brought him a message about Dare.)

"It's an ungainly subject," she retorted absent-mindedly.

"Change it then. There's the monkey."

"Yes, there's him. Aren't you glad?"

"Rather! . . . I don't suppose anything could be done about his legs. They're as curved as hoops. If he ever tries to make a goal he'll have to stand facing the side-lines and kick sideways like a crab."

Louise buried her nose in the monkey's fragrant dress and shook him into laughter. She was languidly wondering where he or his own goal was, whether it was still ahead of or whether she had been galloping over a circular track that had brought her back to the starting post. She was happy, but she suspected that she was happy only for the moment. The complacence with which Keble had accepted their revival of interest in each other was already stirring a singing restlessness of nerves within her. He so had the air of having won the race. Perhaps he had, and perhaps he always would. But she was none the less hare-like, for all that! She looked into the monkey's eyes. "Tell your daddy," she said, "the important thing is to *make* the goal, — whether you do it sideways or frontways or whatever old ways!"

THE END

The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

Eight Points on Profit

Jerome Davis, who took the negative side in the September Debate, "Is Profit Essential to Business?" presents the following points in answer to his opponent, Jules Bache, who maintained that profit is the mainspring of business.

To the Editor of THE FORUM:

In his article, Jules S. Bache has failed to prove the necessity of profit, nor has he refuted the claim that it has done more harm than good. Remember that profit is not reward for service rendered; it is something over and above interest on capital and the wages of management. Let us consider his arguments in the order in which they are given.

1. If no profit is tolerated, successful business firms cannot enlarge their plants.

This would not hold, since without profit industry could still set aside money for business expansion. This in fact, as Mr. Bache admits, was the very thing Ford was restrained from doing under the present profit theory by the courts in the case of Dodge vs. Ford.

2. Profit is necessary to counterbalance risk; without the former no one would engage in business.

People would still receive interest on their capital and would of necessity invest it somewhere. It might have the wholesome tendency of restraining investments which are gambling chances. Doctors and scientists now spend years of their lives doing research work and donate the results to the world. Similarly men might be proud to invest in worth-while causes even if there were great risk, as Americans invested in Liberty Bonds during the war.

3. Mr. Bache says, "It is even stated as an open question whether business as a whole, year in and year out, makes any profit at all."

If this is true and business as a whole makes no profit now, how absurd to deceive ourselves into thinking it is necessary.

4. Socialists do not wish to reward men of brain power.

This is entirely irrelevant. We are not discussing what socialists do or do not propose. As a matter of fact the writer does not know of a single socialist of note, from Ramsay MacDonald to Lenin, who does not advocate reward for service, whether of hand or brain.

5. Production without profit would dwindle constantly.

This is a mere assumption without proof. Most of our greatest leaders work for social prestige and for power rather than for a reward which is not earned. If there were no profit, there could still be accumulation for business expansion on which dividends need never be paid in the future.

6. Admitting the production of bad goods to-day, Mr. Bache says we have to produce what the people demand.

But the profit-motive often "whips up a demand". For this reason Europeans introduced opium into China against the desire of her people, and England forced her to accept the drug by an opium war. To-day England is sending into China seven million tons of this narcotic annually. This would never have occurred had profit been illegitimate. Even in America

the profit drive creates demand through national advertising campaigns for inferior or harmful goods.

7. The gross evils of our present system do not prove "profit" bad.

Perhaps not, but they certainly do not increase one's faith in the necessity of profits. Our task is to find the social system and the social motivation which will cause the least damage. The question is whether it would not be better to teach our young people that a social order based on service rather than profits is desirable, that reward should be on the basis of work and merit rather than on the profits of luck.

8. If we abolish profit, we abolish private property.

Why? Men would still be rewarded in proportion to service actually rendered. Everyone could still purchase and own property.

Finally I leave with Mr. Bache the theoretical discussion of a "Wellsian" Utopia. I am concerned with whether or not profit is really the "mainspring of progress" some think it to be. The contention of those who would eliminate the "demon of profits" is that men should be rewarded on the basis of service rendered to society, not on the basis of luck and power. I believe to a large extent we are doing this now, but let us not fool ourselves by lauding the false idol of profits. When people thought the world flat, that belief did not change the truth. Similarly, to assume that "profit" is the cause of our prosperity does not make it so. This theory may be a delusion even more damaging than the one shattered by Columbus.

JEROME DAVIS.

Yale University,
New Haven, Conn.

Borah's Path to Peace

In the August issue of THE FORUM, *Senator William Edgar Borah presented, in "The Fetish of Force", his new Pan-American Policy. Each month critics and champions of the proposed plan will state their views in these columns.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Senator Borah's article deplores the use of force among nations.

With him, every friend of the human race must deplore the fact that it ever has been necessary to use force; but every student of history must realize, nevertheless, that it has often been found necessary. The reason has been the same as that necessitating the use of force by the police in every state, town, and village. Jurists and pacifists deplore the use of force among nations, but do not deplore it inside of every nation. If some jurist or pacifist will explain, — in language that is precise and free from vague generalities, — exactly why the use of force is necessary in every city to make people live up to their agreements, but is not necessary among nations to make them live up to their agreements, he will confer a benefit on mankind.

There can be no doubt that in every community, and among the members of the Family of Nations, force has often been resorted to when it was not necessary and even when its use was unjust, tyrannical, and cruel. Against this way of using force, all good people are agreed. But this does not mean that the use of force is always wrong. It only means that the use of force is wrong when it is for a wrongful purpose.

The Senator instances the fact that "the fathers made no provision in the Constitution for the enforcement of the judgment of the Court against a State" but he fails to admit that force nevertheless had to be used, and was used, against seven Southern States in a bloody Civil War.

The Senator aligns force against reason as if they were essentially antagonistic. But they are not. They are merely instruments. They may be made to work antagonistically; but they may also be made to work side by side. In fact, one of the main uses of force among nations, and in every state and town and city, has always been for the purpose of advancing or defending causes which at least one of the parties, — by the exercise of reason, — had decided that it ought so to advance or so defend.

The melancholy fact is that human reason is a vastly untrustworthy thing — except possibly the kind of reason possessed by a very few men, such as Archimedes, Aristotle, Newton, Edison, etc.

BRADLEY A. FISKE,
Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

Jamestown, R. I.

Deep Sea Philosophy

Wise and witty words from Charlotte Perkins Gilman, author of "The Nobler Male" in the July issue of the magazine.

THE OYSTER AND THE STARFISH

Sat a fat and juicy Oyster in a large and
lumpy shell,
Came a sucker-fingered Starfish who digested oysters well.

When the Oyster comprehended that the
Starfish was on hand
He contracted his one muscle like the
toughest rubber band.

Slow the Starfish spread his fingers, sitting
on the Oyster's back,
Found the shell quite hard and solid,
couldn't feel the smallest crack,

So he set his suckers sucking, in no haste
and with no doubt;
Sat and sucked and pulled and waited for
the Oyster to give out.

Time will weary any muscle, and the
suckers, rows on rows,
Pulled the shell a little open, made a crack
he could not close.

Though the Starfish could not really make
the Oyster open wide,
Through the crack he poked his stomach,
and digested him inside.

Safe from all external dangers yet the
Oyster surely died,
While that soft extruded stomach ate him
in his own inside.

But that Oyster, food for Starfish, did no
suicidal sin,
Did not try to Oysterize him, did not ask
the Starfish in.

C. P. G.

Norwichtown, Conn.

Exactly So!

One of our readers, at least, has caught a glimpse of what THE FORUM *is all about.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

The fact that I disagree with a good sixty per cent of your writers is one of the chief charms THE FORUM has for me. I delight in controversy, having reached that stage of development, or deterioration, when I can no longer enjoy the fierce delights of a good bloody fight as I used to do. (It's the one thing that makes me fear I must be growing old.) Judge then the keen pleasure with which I savored the article on Catholicism, — "Light Without Heat". It had the salt of my utter disagreement with virtually everything in it to add to its zest. That is a truly remarkable series you have been running, and I sincerely trust that it will not stop until you have given us light on other facets of this bewildering and intriguing problem.

I turned from the article on Catholicism by William Franklin Sands, to "The Moral Value of War", by George Wheeler Hinman, Jr., with the feeling of the man who leaves his *hors d'oeuvres* and settles down to the real business of dinner. I have known Captain Hinman for several years. In fact, I was his first city editor, 'way back in the days when the gods were young, and I thought I knew his stand on the vital matter of war, and its essentiality to the development of the human race. I also knew THE FORUM's kindly and sentimental leanings toward pacifism, — the attitude of the soft-hearted grandmother who protests and weeps a little when Dad leads little Johnny to the figurative woodshed. I began the article with mixed anticipations. Had Captain Hinman changed and become Pacifist? Perish that idea! I liked the man too much. Had THE FORUM seen the historical and biological light that always shows what the race has accomplished through and by war? I was afraid not.

I had to read to find out. And as the masterly exposition proceeded I saw, with immense satisfaction, that Hinman was still Captain Hinman, as competent in his argument for the moral value of war as he had been efficient as an officer in Uncle Sam's army. Also I began to sense the attitude of THE FORUM, and to realize, with increased respect and liking, that it was "giving the other fellow a show."

It was because of this that I have girded up my epistolary loins and, with the aid of a complacent amanuensis, am writing this letter. I don't like writing letters. For the most part they are a futile waste of time. Besides, it's my job to cover pages of good white paper every day with irrelevant nonsense, which naturally makes me averse to

continuing the motion after I come home at night. But in this case I have two good reasons: First, I want to compliment THE FORUM on its broad-minded policy. Nine times out of ten broad-mindedness means indifference. We are willing to let the other fellow have his say because we don't give a whoop what he thinks. No one can accuse THE FORUM of this sort of liberality. I take my hat off to you for having permitted a man of Captain Hinman's calibre and ability to knock into smithereens one of your pet theories. He did this to the queen's taste, or at least to mine. My second reason is that I want to congratulate George Hinman himself, — and I've lost his address.

M. G. MAURY.

"The Boston Advertiser",
Boston, Mass.

EDITORIAL NOTE

Whatever THE FORUM may have been in past years, since July 1, 1923, when the present Editor took charge, it has not been Pacifist in the sense employed by Mr. Maury in his interesting and kind letter. THE FORUM's only policy is to present both sides, all sides, of every question. It has no editorial bias. We believe with Thoreau that, "it takes two sides to tell the truth." With regard to the world problem of international war we expressed our opinion in the Foreword to "War or Peace?", in the September number.

Sixteenth Nicene Centenary

Sixteen hundred years of faith in the Divinity of Christ.

Editor of THE FORUM:

In his introductory sermon as pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick declared the Nicene to be "the greatest of all Christian Creeds". This being the unanimous sentiment of Christendom, it is natural that so momentous an event as its adoption should be commemorated, as is being done by churches of every name all over the world.

Up to the meeting of this First Ecumenical (universal) Church Council, the New Testament was accepted as a whole, but there was no definite consensus as to the faith it taught. The Divinity of Christ was esteemed its central truth.

Arius, a learned presbyter of Alexandria, an acute critic, and of excellent character, was the occasion of the Council. He did not deny the superhuman personality of Christ, but his Divinity, that he was God, as was the Father. The activity and influence of Arius so spread his doctrine that many bishops adopted it, and the whole Church was thrown into confusion.

The Emperor Constantine was appealed to, and he summoned this First Ecclesiastical Council to Nicaea, in Asia Minor, where it assembled May 20, 325. Three hundred and eighteen bishops, from all parts of the Christian world, many bearing the marks of persecution, gathered.

The leader of the orthodox forces was Athanasius, heretofore unknown. But Arius was no match for this intellectual giant, and his ability, eloquence, and decision triumphed. Athanasius was the central figure in the Church for the next fifty years, standing for the Creed in face of repeated banishments and threats of death. Gibbon affirms that Athanasius meets his idea of a true hero, more than any other personality in his famous history.

The Nicene Creed, affirming in unambiguous phrases the Divinity of Christ, was adopted with practical unanimity, and the Council adjourned August 25.

The action of the Council settled the dispute in the early Church, and although sixteen hundred years have elapsed, this famous Creed still remains unaltered, as the sublimest and most authoritative expression of the Christian faith.

JUNIUS B. REMENSNYDER, D.D., LL.D.
New York, N. Y.

Both Sides in New Mexico

A new point of view from a new part of the country, by one who has that rare gift, — the ability to see both sides of a question.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The discussion in THE FORUM between Protestants and Catholics is replete with interest, especially to one who likes to hear both sides of a question, and who moreover sees both sides every day.

The result of such personal observation may be summed up thus: the Religion of Authority is the religion for certain races, nay certain individuals. I myself am an Episcopalian, born and reared in Broad

Church doctrines, so cannot be accused of Roman Catholic tendencies. For years I have lived, intermittently, on the American side of the Mexican border. Our valley is agricultural, our population naturally mixed. It has been my good fortune to have been from the first on friendly and understanding terms with the Mexicans, chiefly as an employer of labor. Consequently, when I assert that the Roman Catholic Church is better suited to their needs than any of the numerous Protestant denominations, I, at least, have back of my claims many years of experience.

Recently I was conversing with a Mexican lady opposite the large Catholic church, at whose doors a funeral cortège had just drawn up. Suddenly from all points of the compass streamed a shrieking mob of small Mexican girls of the peón class, — or rather a flock of destructive monkeys swooping down from the jungle on some peaceful vale. These brown children sprang up the church steps, staring at and even jostling the mourners. I had been long absent from the vicinity, and I beheld as I thought a reversion to barbarism.

"What is the meaning of this?" I inquired, turning to my companion who was shaking her head sorrowfully enough. "Little Mexican girls used to have such pretty manners!"

It must be remembered that the lady was a devout Catholic, yet no impartial observer could deny that her response contained more than a grain of truth.

"Our peón children have no manners, no decency any more! It is the fault of the public schools, whose teachers often have no manners themselves and no idea of sane discipline. The Sisters understand these children, take interest in them, and control them in the right way."

Now as I was acquainted with Protestant American mothers who sent their children to the Sisters' day classes when there was room for them I had no refutation on hand.

"But what is the matter with the Mexican mothers?" I countered. "Not so long ago they kept their little girls off the street, after dark certainly, and trained them carefully. Now, brazen and impudent, these neglected children are in all kinds of mischief when they should be in bed and asleep!"

A rather hopeless, if slight, shrug.

One day a number of these girls were climbing the trees around the church and breaking off their limbs. I drove the children away, and they ran, calling me disgusting names. I went to the mothers and pleaded with them for the souls of their unfortunate children. The reply I received was that their little daughters attended the American public schools and there learned to be free and to do as they chose, as American girls did. The Mexican girls were now Americanized.

Americanized? Alas! This Freedom! But there are still a few old style girls left.

"My mother," exclaimed a young sixteen year old, when discussing changed manners and morals, "never allows me on the street after dark unless I go with someone she knows very well. And yet I am a grown girl!"

"How do *you* feel about it, Jesuscita?"

"Oh, it's all right with me!" composedly.

She and a few others have managed to retain the respect for their elders and the strong family affection characteristic of the race, — both of which traits are vital to their welfare. I speak without prejudice. Long ago a peón father, on my remonstrating with him for not allowing his thirteen year old daughter to go to town with her little brothers and sisters, replied, "Maria does not go off the ranch without her mother or myself. *Our* girls are different."

That the peón, male and female, still remains responsive to the Church is surely a strong argument for the Roman Church for Mexicans and, indeed, the majority of aliens. They don't have to reason; theirs is but to obey. And sane discipline is vital to the peón's well-being.

I believe that the Roman Church is for the Mexican. Unreliable as the present generation may be in too many instances, their inborn inclination toward gambling and drunkenness fostered by the eighteenth amendment, there is something in the Catholic religion that irresistibly appeals to the race; and very wisely it realizes its need of guidance, discipline, above all, beauty. In its church choir may be heard such voices as only need training to make their owners famous. The true Mexican is *artiste*. The American

walks indifferently over his deep-seated love of the beautiful, and forces a round peg into a square hole. The result is often far from attractive.

The Sisters' curriculum has been greatly enlarged during the past twenty years or so, and although they do not accept boy pupils over twelve years of age, mothers of boys of eleven or so have spoken enthusiastically of the progress their sons have made under the Sisters, and of their good discipline, acceptable to children as well as mothers. These women are Protestants. As for the Catholics, — I maintain once more that the Catholic Sisters should have been allowed to remain in the public schools, where the large majority of the children are Catholics and will always be Catholics. Prejudice and bigotry are the weapons of the ignorant. Even as it is, the Convent school turns out peón girls for the most part greatly superior to those who have passed through the mill of "American Education".

EDITH N. LEWIS.

Las Cruces, N. M.

America and Roman Catholicism

"Sir, I think all Christians, whether Papists or Protestants, agree in the essential articles, and that their religious differences are trivial, and rather political than religious." — Samuel Johnson.

Editor of THE FORUM:

For the past four months, like many other Catholics, I presume, I have followed with anticipation and interest the various articles contributed to your discussion "America and Roman Catholicism". Now that the formal discussion has come to a close, I feel that I would like to register some of my impressions.

The principal reason why I eagerly anticipated the articles was because of Mr. Chapman's continued assertion that the time was ripe for the "intellectuals" to take up this question and for them "to strike at the root". I really was very curious to know just what objection the "intellectuals" had to Roman Catholicism.

But what disappointment! In the articles of Mr. Chapman and Dr. Fama not a fundamental question has been discussed. Many of the old accusations, prejudices, and personal non-Catholic interpretations of Catholic doctrine and practises have appeared. Absolutely nothing new has come to light. Catholics have almost become accustomed to expect these misapprehensions. Despite repeated refutation and the living example of the undivided loyalty of American-Catholics to their country and its traditions, it seems a shame that these same things have to be trumped up again under the guise of profound reason why Roman Catholicism is necessarily antagonistic to Americanism. And then, as if to forestall an attack on what their reason must tell them is the weak and useless point in their argument, these two gentlemen appeal, in the one case to ignorance and in the other to inconsistency on the part of Catholics in order to explain the anomaly of Catholics being loyal Americans.

Mr. Chapman attributes the blissful presumption on the part of Catholics that their religious beliefs are not contrary to Americanism to their ignorance of what their religion is doing. He says: "I cannot disguise from myself the fact that many Roman Catholics are ignorant of what is being done by their Church." Dr. Fama's *non causa pro causa* is as follows: "Fortunately, we remember one of the sayings of Dr. Kinsman at this point: 'Critics,' he says, 'must discriminate between the Church and her inconsistent adherents.' This we do with all our hearts because we know that a large number of our Catholic fellow-citizens hardly know the doctrines of their own Church, and we regard it as one of our first duties, both as Americans and Christians, to enlighten them as to the true character and purpose of their hierarchy."

At this point I must repeat what I have said above that such diatribes and cheap accusations as these two self-appointed champions of Americanism have brought forth are ridiculous. It would seem that the mere utterance of them should carry with it its own refutation to any right-minded citizen. Certainly the claims of the Catholic Church are not only known but have been deeply studied and accepted by many of the keenest intellects in Europe and America, and can Mr. Chapman or Dr. Fama point to the acceptance

these teachings and claims making these men disloyal to their native land?

And now as to some of the particular charges. I am glad to see that Miss Mary Dixon Thayer in the June Rostrum has taken Mr. Chapman to task for his general attitude and for his specific statements.

But as to Dr. Fama's article, I feel something must be said. His ideas in their general aspect are identical with those expressed by Mr. Chapman. The main difference is that the non-ordained President of the Protestant Italian Ministers' Association attempts to bring forth several specific examples illustrating the intolerance of the Church and the general incompatibility of Catholicism with good citizenship, whether American or otherwise. Now it would take too much time and space to enter upon anything like a detailed answer to particular accusations. Fortunately most of the accusations and slurs can be answered by an appeal to well-known unprejudiced judgments proving the contrary of what Dr. Fama attempts to make his facts prove. As, for instance, I might bring forth the cowardly accusation that the Pope was playing international politics during the World War. Can such an accusation stand in the face of the well-known attitude of the Pope and of the Hierarchy throughout the world during the whole of the War? Dr. Fama drags in the spectre of Garibaldi, Cavour, and others, and demands that Catholics fall down and worship them. Now, Catholics may not agree on the advisability of the temporal power as it existed in the past, but certainly no one who has any sense of international justice can justify the "might is right" policy of the Italian unifiers. As to French-Catholics, can anyone blame them if they demand civic and religious liberty? Must they sit back and now be deprived of both when they so generously sacrificed themselves for their country?

As to what I might call Dr. Fama's theological difficulties, they are puerile. Presumably, a man who lost his faith because of intellectual development brought on by the study of philosophy, should be able to read standard works on questions of Catholic doctrine and practise. He quotes St. Paul as being against celibacy, but did he ever read First Corinthians, Chapter Seven? He conjures up the old ghost *extra ecclesia nulla salus*, and then proceeds to quote from an "Explanation of the Catechism". If Dr. Fama were anxious to know the teaching of the Church on this point, why did he not go to recognized theologians of the Church, or at least to the Catholic Encyclopedia under the article "Church". I am sure that if he analyzes the Church's teaching, he will not find anything very different from the teaching of orthodox Protestants who believe in the Atonement and its necessary implications.

And the "most unkindest cut of all", is the Doctor's accusation that the Church is opposed to liberal education. Well, perhaps she is in the sense in which Dr. Fama evidently understands "liberal". If it means that the Church must allow her children what is contrary to Christian truth and morality, that she must allow them to breathe the infected atmosphere of Agnosticism and Materialistic Philosophy, then we must admit that the Church is opposed to a liberal education. But if we understand by a liberal education the ideal of the best possible development of the bodily, intellectual, and moral powers of man, then she is not opposed to it. Surely, it sounds strange to have such an accusation coming from a man who must know that everywhere the Church has founded her educational endeavors on the firm rock of Christian teaching. Can anyone deny this? And furthermore, can anyone accuse the Church of being illiberal because she steadfastly refuses to relinquish that stand or to surrender that trust which she believes has been delivered to her for the temporal and the eternal salvation of human society?

In conclusion, I will remark that if only such bottomless charges as have appeared in these two articles can be brought against Roman Catholicism, then let America have no fear. We Catholics know where we stand. We know that our Church inculcates as a religious duty loyalty to one's country. We also know that that same Church is the greatest power in the world to-day against those influences that will really destroy Americanism and every form of civil government. And with this calm assurance in our hearts, we are ready to stand on our record, both past and present, a record which reveals that our Americanism is second to none.

REVEREND GABRIEL GORMAN, C. P.
Scranton, Pa.

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

THE FORUM BOOK REVIEW BOARD

VAN WYCK BROOKS
WILLIAM LYON PHELPS
WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT
FRANK C. DAVISON
DON MARQUIS
J. ST LOE STRACHEY
MORRIS FISHBEIN
E. E. FREE
HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON
VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON
IRITA VAN DOREN
A. WASHINGTON PEZET

This month and every month hereafter, in addition to the unsolicited reviews contributed by our readers, this department will contain reviews by at least two members of THE FORUM *Book Review Board. Unsolicited reviews are paid for on publication at the rate of fifteen cents per line. They are limited to 300 words.*

The Oxford Ben Jonson

BEN JONSON. *Edited by C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson.* Vols. I and II. The Man and His Work. Illustrated. Oxford: the Clarendon Press, 1925. $14.

REVIEWED BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

This man is more interesting than his work; hence the first two volumes of the projected edition of ten bid fair to be the most attractive. I had rather read *about* Ben than read him. Mr. Herford and his collaborator, having spent many years in researches, are enabled to give us hitherto unknown facts and much illumination. Of the new material, the most important consists of a number of letters, for which, and for some other things, the editors are indebted to Mr. William Augustus White, of New York. Extracts from legal records help to establish certain conclusions; five elaborate designs by Inigo Jones will interest feminine readers, as well as his famous New York namesake of our day. A catalogue of the books in Jonson's library throws light on his sources, his tastes, and his compositions. The editors have diligently examined all published materia bearing on their author, hence it is sur prising to see in the Preface no mention c the Yale Studies in English, in which under the direction of Professor Albert S Cook, nearly all of Jonson's plays hav been separately edited with elaborat care, and which, until the remaining eigh volumes of this edition appear, will be, a they have been, the refuge and quarry c scholars. A few scanty footnotes show tha these have been consulted; doubtless w shall hear more when the text and annota tions are printed.

It was a happy day for students of th Elizabethan Drama when Jonson, in th summer of 1618, set out on his fou hundred mile walk to Edinburgh; if w only had his diary! But that, with so muc else of inestimable value, was lost in th fire which consumed his library. In Janu ary, 1619, he visited William Drummond in the latter's beautiful estate, Hawthorn den; I have seen the tree under which it i recorded that they sat and talked. I d not believe they sat there long, for th climate near Edinburgh in January is nc favorable to open air conversation; bu wherever they sat, the fragmentary note

Drummond took, which were not published till 1711, are the chief source of our information as to Ben's personality and literary opinions. The editors have been anticipated in a scholarly text by Dr. R. F. Patterson (1923) and by G. B. Harrison in the *Bodley Head Quartos* (1923); but both contain a few errors, here corrected.

Even this beautiful Oxford edition is not free from mistakes; I certainly did not expect to find (p. 28) *Jacques* for Shakespeare's *Jaques*. The fact that this is the most commonly misspelled proper name in literature, should have prevented its recurrence. On page 36 the date of Burton's *Anatomy* is given as 1612, of course a slip for 1621. "Only some nine years younger than Shakespeare," (p. 127) should read "eight years". When our editors began their work, 1573 was the accepted date of Jonson's birth, but W. D. Briggs established 1572, and that date is given without qualification on the first page of this book.

In addition to much new light on Jonson's quarrels with his contemporaries and with the law (he was four times imprisoned), there is much literary and dramatic criticism. Fortunately the editors are free from the prevailing sin of specialists: they do not overrate (except perhaps in the case of *Every Man in His Humour*) the value of the plays. Indeed, in the discussion of Jonson's lyrical powers they are less than just. "In swiftness and reach of fancy, in sweet and intricate music, the reverenated 'Father' was no match for most of his sons" (p. 106). With the single exception of Herrick, Jonson was a better lyrical poet than any of his "sons". The finest lyrics of Carew are not finer than the finest of Jonson's; while Suckling, Cleveland, Randolph, and others fall short.

I am convinced that the works of the Elizabethan dramatists, outside of Shakespeare, will never regain the altitude they attained in the eighties of the last century. From 1616 till 1892, with the exception of one play by Goldsmith and two by Sheridan, there was no English drama of intrinsic importance. Accordingly in 1808, when Lamb "discovered" the Elizabethan dramatists, their poetic genius, — poetic rather than dramatic, — made a profound impression; this was strengthened by the scholarly editions of Dyce and others, and general attention was aroused by the Mermaid Series under the direction of Havelock Ellis. But in the early nineties, Ibsen, incomparably a greater dramatist than any of Shakespeare's contemporaries, began to make his way among English readers; and about the same time there was a florescence of native drama in the British Isles which exceeded anything observable since the death of Shakespeare.

Shaw, Wilde, Pinero, Jones, Barrie, Galsworthy, Synge, Dunsay, Yeats, Ervine, though none of them a great poet, are superior as playwrights to Marlowe, Jonson, Dekker, Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher. In Russia, Chekov, in Sweden, Strindberg, in Germany, Hauptmann, produced works of genius; while in France the greatest dramatist of the modern age, Rostand, beat the competitors of Shakespeare at their own game.

Thus, while there has been a steadily growing scholarly interest in the Elizabethan drama, as shown in new editions and in historical works in many languages, I do not hesitate to say that our own period has produced better plays.

Ben Jonson was the dominating personality of his epoch, and is still so interesting that every scrap of information about his life, habits, and opinions is precious; but his plays, with the exception of three comedies, are intolerably tedious. To the student of London life and manners, such works as *Every Man in His Humour* and *Bartholomew Fair* are extremely valuable. That is, they are interesting to almost any intelligent person, except in the theatre and for general reading. As plays, on the stage and in the closet, they are failures. Omitting the most famous names of to-day, I had still rather see *Outward Bound*, *Beggar on Horseback*, *The Enemy*, *The Showoff*, than the "masterpieces" of Ben Jonson.

Yet Ben himself is irresistible. His mighty mental force, his genial social gifts, his sturdy intellectual honesty, are very fine; but what is finest is, that in his tribute to Shakespeare, whom he placed above his classic saints, he showed, in spite of egotism and dogmatism, he could rise to the definition of a Christian made by Edwin Booth. He could rejoice in the superiority of a rival.

Conquering Cancer

CANCER AND THE PUBLIC. The Educational Aspect of the Cancer Problem. *By Charles P. Childe.* E. P. Dutton & Company. $4.75.

THE CONQUEST OF CANCER. *By H. W. S. Wright.* With an introduction by F. G. Crookshank. E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.00.

CANCER. How It Is Caused; How It Can Be Prevented. *By J. Ellis Barker.* With an introduction by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane. E. P. Dutton & Company. $3.00.

REVIEWED BY MORRIS FISHBEIN

With new discoveries in the field of cancer featuring the headlines in the daily press, and with millions of dollars being spent each year in investigation of this scourge, the number of books on the subject written especially for the layman multiplies rapidly. In the present instance one publisher is credited with three volumes. Of the books here reviewed one is of unusual merit; another is merely the kind of book that keeps the presses busy in idle hours or fills a series for the sake of completeness; the last is a pernicious tract that can only do harm to the public and distress the physician.

Mr. J. Ellis Barker is the author of the preposterous book that emanated first from the Dutton press in its recent list of literature on cancer. Just why a journalist who made his name writing on foreign politics should be considered an authority on cancer is not made clear. It appears, however, that Mr. Barker developed some symptoms which seemed to him to resemble the condition of a man about to have cancer. He improved his health by studying food, getting rid of constipation, and building up good health habits. By some strange system of *a priori* reasoning he then concluded that he had prevented cancer in himself and that his system would do just as well for everyone else. Mr. Barker seems to have been guided in his reasoning by the views of Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, who contributes an introduction to the volume. Some years ago Dr. Lane, who is by way of being a surgical philosopher, evolved the peculiar conception that most of the ills from which mankind suffers are the results of intestinal stasis or obstruction of the bowels, and that they can be prevented or relieved by eliminating obstruction and permitting free purgation. He announced that the obstruction was frequently due to a sort of kink in the bowel and that elimination of the kink surgically, by freeing such adhesions as might be present, would also aid the passage of débris from the system. Unfortunately the views of Dr. Lane have been considered somewhat exaggerated by the majority of the medical profession both in this country and abroad and have never found general acceptance. Indeed, a medical wit wrote a satirical essay on the subject with the title: "It is a long Lane that has no kink."

The cogitations of Mr. Barker finally resulted in the view that cancer may be prevented if we will only eat proper food containing the correct number of vitamins, avoid constipation, and take sufficient exercise. In reaching this belief he argues himself into all sorts of absurdities using the same facts frequently to produce exactly opposite conclusions. He neglects entirely to take into account the fact that the diagnosis of cancer during the last decade is a scientific matter with almost a perfect percentage of probability whereas the diagnosis of cancer two generations ago was subject to at least fifty per cent of error. He neglects entirely researches that have been made both in Great Britain and in this country showing that no vitamin of which we have any knowledge has a direct influence on the cause of cancer. His analysis of statistics on heredity disregards entirely such definite proofs as exist in cancer research and cites data from hearsay and folklore. Mr. Barker's view that cancer may be deterred by what he calls rational living is commendable, for rational living will deter many diseases. On the other hand the only proper advice for those fearing cancer is to secure an early diagnosis and surgical removal if the disease is present. In some limited instances good results are secured by X-ray or radium alone or in combination with proper surgery. Beyond that all other treatment is experimental and a sort of trifling with death.

The Conquest of Cancer by H. W. S. Wright is distinctly "hack work". Its author is in charge of the surgical department of medicine at the Shantung Chris

an University in China. Although the book is advanced as a non-technical presentation of the subject, Dr. Wright has clearly had but little experience in such writing. Moreover his point of view is that of most scientific men who become separated from the great sources of medical learning. The research workers say of those who announce the ancient or the perfectly obvious as a new observation: "He has discovered the Mediterranean." Dr. Wright preaches the gospel of public education as the chief hope for the control of cancer, as though the idea were original with him, whereas the movement has been under way for at least a decade and in some places for almost a score of years. Such advice as he gives is sound, but the presentation is really of the scope of a brief periodical article and in no sense of the word a competent treatise on the subject.

In 1906 Dr. Childe published a book called *The Conquest of a Scourge*. The scourge referred to was cancer, but at that time the disease was considered so horrible and the public was so little interested in matters affecting its health that he had to adopt the nondescriptive word in order to get a publisher to take the book. As a result of the magnificent efforts now being made to educate the public in scientific matters, at least sufficiently for its own protection, his publishers asked him to prepare a new work. The present title shows that to-day there is no equivocation. Dr. Childe writes in a straightforward, simple manner. He has a sense of humor, and his analysis of current theories of cancer is sufficient to strike dismay to all of those who venture half-baked ideas and researches on this subject. He disposes neatly of dietary theories, and handles his colleague, Arbuthnot Lane, and the genial Mr. Barker in a somewhat strenuous manner. Those who believe that cancer is the result of bad mental habits are also left with but little foundation on which to rest their claims. Even the work leading to the belief that cancer is a parasitic growth of infectious origin, and the view that chronic irritation is the prime factor in cancer causation, are submitted to searching analytical scrutiny. As a real pioneer in the art of public education in medical matters Dr. Childe develops his subject thoroughly, separating fact and fallacy, and taking up *seriatim* each part of the body that cancer may affect. His statistics are assembled from reliable clinics with large material, such as those of the Mayo Brothers, the Johns Hopkins Hospital, and the many research institutions devoted to the study of cancer. An especial tribute is tendered to the American Society for the Control of Cancer, founded in 1913, for its indefatigable work in education of the public. Dr. Childe's book may be heartily recommended as a sound and exceedingly readable volume.

Satire à l'Américaine

I have heard THE CRAZY FOOL by Donald Ogden Stewart (Albert & Charles Boni $2.00) called humorous, and even witty. It is certainly neither humorous nor witty, if one has any respect for the niceties of language. But it is one of the funniest books ever written. It made me laugh uproariously, — the sort of laugh that is dangerous if one is recovering from an abdominal operation. It is funny because it is ridiculous, gorgeously, cosmically ridiculous.

It is the epitome of American humor, which isn't humor at all, not as any other people in the world understand humor. *The Crazy Fool* is untranslatable. I insist upon it, even if some bright reader comes back and informs me that it has been translated into all the Ural-Altaic languages including the Scandinavian. The average un-Americanized Englishman reading it wouldn't understand it any better than if it were in Eskimo. And I warrant very few women will understand it, that is, think it funny. In fact it is a sort of handy psychological test. By means of a person's reaction to it, one may discover his age, sex, degree of Americanism, and previous condition of servitude.

There you have it. That is the sort of dud-line the book abounds in. Mr. Stewart does not believe in economy of means. His technique does not involve a painstaking preparation for, and building up to, a funny line or situation. There is no preparation in the book. There are no connecting passages. There is no interjocular narrative. Every single line, every word almost, is meant to be funny. From beginning to end it is a frenzied, tumultuous, relentless cannonade of would-be

funny lines. One is assailed with such prodigious vehemence that one would literally die of laughter, if it were not that fully nine-tenths of the shots are duds. One is thankful for the duds; they afford the necessary breathing spaces. For the lines that go off, — do just that. I read the book at night with my windows open. I must have kept the entire neighborhood awake. It makes me laugh the way the Katzenjamers, especially Mrs. Katzenjamer, make me laugh.

Though on a higher level, its fun is essentially of the comic strip variety. The elements of its humor are prodigal exaggeration, the quick juxtaposition of utter irrelevancies, grotesque images, situations, and sequences. Out of these materials its satire is wrought, — wrought is the right word, for it is a strident, raucous satire. When I put down *The Crazy Fool*, I had the strange feeling of sudden quiet, — it was as if a jazz orchestra had been playing, a thunder storm in progress, or the *Leviathan* whistling to herald its imminent departure. In method, in form, in materials, *The Crazy Fool* is so American that even those who cannot appreciate its fun should read it for the light it throws upon our national conception of what is funny. It is as American as *Zuleika Dobson* is English. Indeed these two books, so utterly, so infinitely different are really very much alike. This paradox is the paradox of the essential likeness and detailed difference of things English and American.

A. W. P.

"Oh, Woman, Perfect Woman!"

For generations the "new woman" has been descending the staircase. Three bells ring, velvet curtains part, and binoculars are immediately turned in her direction. Scientists, and their red-headed stepchildren, the philosopher-scientists, are chief patrons of the bald-headed row and wield their binoculars with the greatest flourish.

To keep company with the far famed *Icarus* and *Daedalus* in the "To-day and To-morrow Series" (E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00 a volume) appear two combative studies, Lysistrata or *Woman's Future and Future Woman* by Anthony M. Ludovici, and Hypatia or *Woman and Knowledge* by the Honorable Mrs. Bertrand Russell.

Norman Haire, in his introduction to Mr. Ludovici's analysis of the "new woman", sounds this note of warning to its author: "For this book you will probably be denounced as a daring and fanatic visionary." His prophecy immediately came to pass. For if, as its author indicates, the male is hanging on in society by a mere masculine eyelash, Mrs. Russell, in her reply, neatly snips that mooring. Mr. Ludovici's "future of women" is so fantastic, his theorizing so mad that it converts the mossiest violet into a feminist, and Heaven only knows what it does to a feminist. Yes, one does know, — if he reads Mrs. Russell's version of "Woman and Knowledge".

Our fine, virile race is disappearing, but scientists can come to the rescue; women must follow their program. "But before woman is sound enough in body and mind to give birth to this new breed of masculine sons, and to rear them herself, she will undergo many transformations, and learn to look at life from a very different standpoint. In the first place she will regenerate her own body before it is too late, and recover the ease, if not the ecstacy of old, in all her functions. She will learn to despise herself if she wears glasses, if she has false or bad teeth, if she cannot function without scientific aids, and if she cannot suckle her child. She will perceive the boastful levity of the present generation of women who concern themselves more and more with highfalutin' interests and matters of the soul, when all the while they are not masters of their bodies. She will see that a workman who wished to leave his bench and his tools in order to try to master high finance when he had not yet mastered his trade, would very justly become an object of derision, and that modern women, with their feverish interest in every new-fangled creed and power, are also objects of derision, because all the while their bodies grow out of hand."

Out of whose hand?

Man, for generations, has been the expert angler. Now, according to both our authors, he is caught on a feminine hook. Mr. Ludovici shows him wriggling frantically. Can he pull away in time?

his philosopher-scientist believes there still hope; Mrs. Russell indicates that ere's none. Man has swallowed the bait, e hook, and the sinker. In fact Mrs. ussell has scraped his scales and made of m a digestible dish of very clammish owder.

E. C.

Thunderstorm

If we were off for that desert island to hich one is supposed to take ten persons, n books, or ten characters from fiction, e are not sure of the other twenty-eight, ut two characters would be 'Vanna and ttore, the Italian servants in Miss G. . Stern's THUNDERSTORM. (Knopf, $2.00.) ttore, it is true, might be a bit overhelming as ten per cent of a population, ut his wife, 'Vanna, would keep him ithin bounds. 'Vanna is more than the erfect servant so frequently met in ction and so rarely out of it. She is one f those rare creatures who live to their ngertips in the moment, — with just he least glimpse of past and future in the ails of their eyes, — enough to make the resent pulsing and poignant, whether in adness or anguish. " . . . 'Vanna was ot of those unfortunates who remain tied n their tongues or in their actions: the ivine gift of utterance was hers, her lips, elped by her hands, her body, the brilant flash of her eyes, deep-set, slanting. Exaggeration was not denied her; if she ere ill: 'I die,' quoth 'Vanna at once, vith the utmost conviction . . . and her uffering lids drooped; she abandoned erself to death. Until, well again, she ould chatter, laughing, rosy-cheeked: Yesterday, indeed, I suffered a little, ignora. But what would you? To all of s are given pains. They pass. We must e patient.' . . . "

'Vanna, wholly given to her employers' nterests, loses by her passionate service ot a whit of her personality. She is so eal, so fine and true, and so *interesting* nd individual, that her flawlessness doesn't give you a moment's doubt of disbelief.

Anyhow, Ettore, her husband, has the one flaw needed to make a tale, and though he would not be real without it, it was not presented to him by the author for the sake of the tale, but because it was a part of him. All of which is a way of saying that Miss Stern sees her characters whole, and gives them to the reader with vividness.

And yet, alas, when the book passes to the English employers of these Italian servants, there is a drop in temperature. Perhaps the Anglo-Saxons seemed to Miss Stern too pale by contrast to be worth bothering much about. The middle part of the book describes a quarrel created by a thunderclap letter, which threatens to disrupt this English household in Italy and sets its members to an outrageous bickering and almost loses to 'Vanna and Ettore the job that rescued them from calamity, the loss of which might plunge them back into it forthwith. However, a series of incredible, but gay and entertaining, coincidences blow away the storm. The English characters are somehow incredibly willing to go on living together in spite of the dreadful things they have said to one another. And you are glad, for you couldn't have borne to have 'Vanna and Ettore cast into the hard world again.

Miss Stern does three things in this book. She gives you 'Vanna and Ettore, — a priceless gift. She presents a situation in which people tell one another just what they think of one another. And she provides a jolly little farce, in which the irrelevant vanity of several persons conveniently sidetrack the natural course of events. But 'Vanna and Ettore take the story in their teeth and run away with it; and though you are entertained from the first page to the last, you don't care very much what happens to any one but 'Vanna and Ettore.

Perhaps if Miss Stern had been less versatile, had given us only one of her three brilliant ventures, *Thunderstorm* would have been a greater book. And perhaps if Miss Stern had not written *Matriarch*, we should have been less demanding of greatness.

VIOLA PARADISE.

New York, N. Y.

The Apostle of Polygamy

M. R. Werner might have called his work "Mormon History", rather than BRIGHAM YOUNG. (Harcourt, Brace, $5.00.) As a biography of the man, it fails to attain the goal; as a description of

Mormon Emigration, it is an addition to the literature on the subject.

The book resolves itself into three parts, stressing, successively, Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and Polygamy. Unfortunately, the sensational attracted Werner's eye; he plays up Young and his wives almost *ad nauseam*.

Commencing with the organization of the Latterday Saints, Werner carries the members through their vicissitudes as they moved westward. He necessarily deals with the leaders of the group, Smith and Young, seeming to hold the former in contempt, but favoring the latter. He writes that it was "due to Brigham Young's policy of catering to the wishes and respecting the rights of the original inhabitants of the country . . . that only two horses were lost to the Indians in the original Utah pioneer party, and no men, women, or children were killed," and declares, "His personality contributed as much as that of any one man to the development of the western half of the United States." But Werner is not in sympathy with his subject. He pokes fun a good deal, as when he quotes Young's reply to a one-legged man asking the restoration of his member: "If I give you another leg, you will indeed have two legs until you die, . . . but in the resurrection, not only will the leg which you lost rise and be united to your body, but also the one which I now give you; thus you will be encumbered with three legs throughout eternity."

Werner is not always exact, and many of his stories need to be taken with a grain of salt.

Though far from literature, the writing is always clear and concise. The book is interestingly illustrated.

TED ROBINS.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

France Without His Halo

In Jean Jacques Brousson's ANATOLE FRANCE HIMSELF (Lippinoctt, $5.00), we have presented to us no pedestaled idol seen through stained-glass windows, but the man himself, with all his foibles and vanities, stripped of the halo with which his loving admirers and sentimenta interviewers have clothed him, — bu stripped too bare.

No reveler in the tales of Anatole Fran can fail to be delighted with the exuberan and racy character of this series of ane dotes and dialogues, true to the spir of many of his storied episodes. The erudi and ironic discourses on art and archa ology, on history and religion, on li and love, are in the Master's true vei But is it possible that M. Brousson the position of secretary and companio to Anatole France the last eight yea of his life failed to catch glimpses of th nobler side of the man's character, — the man who defended Dreyfus when a France was against him, of the man wh had the sympathy and understanding conceive a Crainquebille?

We have Anatole France revealed us as Sultan of the French intellectu world, and taking keen pleasure in th rôle. Madame, the power behind th throne, tugs at his coat-sleeve to remin him of a story that will "take" with his a dience. Without pressing, he goes throug the "official" Sunday night rôle of *conteur*. His oldest friend is announce M. France calls down to Josephine, h housekeeper, in the presence of a doz people, "Don't leave him alone for moment. Keep a sharp eye on my pr cious objects!" The friend appears, an M. France receives him with rapturou cordiality, presses him to his breast, in prints the French salutation on his cheek Then very suavely says: "My deare So-and-So, I was just talking about yo to these gentlemen. I can't say ho charmed I am to see you." M. Brousso treats us to many such delightful mo sels illustrating the Master's irresistib impishness.

Without doubt no lover of Anato France but would have bartered h seat in heaven (which in any event h would have lost under the influence this super-pagan) for the inestimable pri ilege which was M. Brousson's, — feasting, as he said, at a perpetual ban quet and picking up crumbs for a hungr posterity.

R. N. M.